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PLAYS OF MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AS RE-WRITTEN OR RE-ARRANGED BY HIS
SUCCESSORS OF THE RESTORATION PERIOD

As presented at the Duke's Theatre and
elsewhere *circa* 1664-1669

*Being the text of these so-restored Plays with
the First Folio Shakespeare text
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside=Restoration Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS

1908

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ABSTRACT TO MRU
HOWARD BENTLEY

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The Bankside=Restoration Shakespeare.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

(*The Text of the Folio of 1623, with that of "All for Love, or
The World Well Lost."*)

As done by John Dryden in 1678, with an Introduction touch-
ing the environment of the Restoration Drama,
whereby Shakespeare was perpetuated
through the Restoration Period

BY

FRANCIS A. SMITH, A. B., (WESL. UNIV.)

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"The Critics versus Shakespeare."*

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
1908

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INTRODUCTION.

On the twentieth day of May, in the year 1608, there were made on the Books of the Stationers Company these entries:

Edward Blount	Entred for his copie vnder th andes of Sir George Buck and Knight and Master War- den Seton A booke called The Booke of Pericles prynce of Tyre	vj
Edward Blunt	Entred also for his copie by ye lyke Aucthor- itie A booke called Anthony and Cleopatra	vj

Again, in 1623, there is another entry in these books:

8 "Neuembris 1623 Rr. Jac. 21 Mr. Blounte-Isaak Iaggard Entred for their copie vnder the hands of Mr. Doctor Worrall and Mr. Cole Warden Mr. William Shakespeers Comedyes Histories and Tragedeys so manie of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men Comedyes—the Tezmpest. The two gentlemen of Verona Measure for Measure. The Comedy of Errors. As you like it. All's well that ends well. Twelفة night. The winters tale. Histories—The third part of Henry the sixth. Henry the eighth. Tragedies—Coriolanus. Timen of Athens. Julius Caesar. Macbeth. Anthonie and Cleopatra, Cymbeline."

Dr. Morgan has conjectured, from a lawyer's standpoint, that this coincidence of date with the date of the death of Shakespeare's widow (her interment was of date August 8th, 1623.) suggested some deposit or gift of the unstaged plays or usufruct thereof, in Mrs. Shakespeare (which need not have been in documentary form) which had prevented these non-Quarto plays from publication in print or by stage mounting. Such a proposition would not only account for the mention of no playwrights in Shakespeare's Will; but, with Mrs. Shakespeare's well known Puritanism, sufficiently explain the non-use of Manuscripts during her lifetime. She could, and doubtless did exercise all her legal rights. The two first above entries may have been premature. Even before her lord's death Mrs. Shakespeare may have refused to make the transfer, which, Dr. Morgan remarks; once having been made on the stationer's books could not be cancelled or record.

And, of course, a Quarto ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA may yet be discovered: perhaps by our lucky fellow member of The New York Shakespeare Society, Charles William Wallace, who recently unearthed the Chancery pleadings and decree in *Bendish, Shakespeare et al. v Bacon*, from under the very noses of the London Shakespeareans who had been chanting the impossibility of anything new in the way of documentary evidence, in Shakespeare fields, ever revealing itself more.

These are the only traces or mention in English records of a production called ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA, until in 1623, the Shakespeare Play of that title was included in the great First Folio.

To assist us in guessing whether this entry refers to the Shakespeare Play, it may be noted that Edward Blount never published either of the matters entered for his copy as above: *Pericles* having been published by Henry Gosson in 1609, and *Anthony and Cleopatra*, as we have said, not at all. Neither is there any stage record of the performance of Shakespeare's play until, on Wednesday, January twenty-third, 1759, Garrick produced it at Drury Lane, himself playing Antony, or Anthony, as the title spells it. With such a record as this, it is certainly a fair question to ask what kept Shakespeare's play alive from its appearance, unheralded by any Quarto, in the collected work of 1623, one hundred and thirty-six years until 1759? The answer is before us. In 1678, but fifty-five years after the First Folio, John Dryden produced the Play: "*ALL FOR LOVE, OR THE WORLD WELL LOST*," announcing that he did so to perpetuate Shakespeare's work: and in close following of Shakespeare's style; and, in every line of his Prefatory, swearing loyalty to his great predecessor and unbounded admiration for the works of the Dramatist, within whose circle none but himself might walk—in a couplet than which no loftier praise was ever paid by one poet to another.

And if Dryden was the first modern to swear fealty to Shakespeare what shall we say of D'Avenant, who taught Dryden to admire Shakespeare? If I must here record my conviction that not until the year 1885—and in that year by the General Editor of this Bankside Restoration Edition—was it declared that English Literature owed a greater debt than it could ever pay to Sir William D'Avenant, I may not be perfect in my researches, but certainly that is my belief.

It was as impossible that the Elizabethan Drama should be tolerated by the Restoration as that it should have been tolerated by the Commonwealth. We do not know that any of the plays of Shakespeare were read in Rupert's

camp, or that Charles I carried his "Malvolio" on the march; we only know that a few men, and among them D'Avenant and Dryden, read and admired them, and attempted to "restore" some of them according to the critical rules and the popular taste of the age; and that the great Milton wrote that tribute to the only greater Englishman than himself. It may be remarked in parenthesis, that if Prynne or Cromwell had known of his dangerous partiality for the profane playwright, Milton would never have been the Protector's Latin secretary.

The Restoration was as inevitable as the Revolution. In Society, in morals, in literature, it was not a Restoration but a transformation,—the natural reaction from asceticism to excess, from overwrought restraint to criminal indulgence. The church was no longer orthodox, for its patron saints were Nell Gwynn and the Duchess of Cleveland. Society no longer affected purity but boasted of its sins. As to the Drama, History has made this specific record:—"The Puritan," says Macaulay, "had affected formality; the comic poet took under his protection the most flagrant excesses. The Puritan had canted; the comic poet blasphemed. The Puritan had made gallantry, felony, without benefit of clergy; the comic poet represented it as an honorable distinction. The Puritan spoke with disdain of the low standard of popular morality; his life was regulated by a far more rigid code; his virtue was sustained by motives unknown to men of the world. Unhappily it had been amply proved in many cases, and might well be suspected in many more, that those high pretensions were unfounded. Accordingly the fashionable circles, and the comic poets who were the spokesmen of those circles, took up the notion that all professions of piety and integrity were to be construed by the rule of contrary; that it might well be doubted whether there was such a thing as virtue in the world; but that, at all events, a person who affected to be better than his neighbors was sure to be a knave." It is no wonder that a reader of the plays of the time, like Lowell, should be "forced to hold his nose while picking his way through them," not strange that Wycherly, in his "Plain Dealer," should borrow Viola and convert her into a pander.

Even the theatre and the stage were transformed. A foreigner, Chap-puzean, who visited these Restoration theatres several times, speaking of his visit to them in 1664, ("*Europe Vivante*," Geneva, 1667) says:—"There are in London three troupes of excellent comedians; the Royal troupe, which performs every day for the public and usually after supper on Thursdays at

Whitehall; the Duke's in Lincolns Inn Fields, notable for stage machinery equalling that of Italy; a third in Drury Lane, well patronized. * * * * I must add that the three London houses are furnished with very well-shaped actors, and particularly with handsome women; that these theatres are superb as regards stage scenery and transformations; that the music is excellent and the dancing magnificent; that they have no fewer than twelve fiddles each for the preludes and inter-acts; that it would be a crime to use anything but wax to illuminate the theatre, or to fill the chandeliers in such a manner as to offend the spectators' nostrils; and finally, though they play every day, their houses are always full, and a hundred coaches block the thoroughfares."

The pit where the rabble used to stand to "see away" their pennies, was supplied with benches and "actually became the rendezvous of the gallants of the town." The Italian rage for opera and spectacle invaded England, and architects like Giacomo Torelli and the Vigarinis responded to the popular demand. The changes wrought by Torelli seem to have justified the Venetian notion that he was a man of supernatural powers; the miracles of his stage scenery appeared in London in 1661. We have historical records of the transformation: "Balthasar de Moncoys of Lyons accompanied the Duc de Chevreuse on his travels through England, Holland, Germany and Italy, and in May, 1663, reached London. Three years later the result of his varied observations was given to the world in his "*Journal des Voyages*." Performances in those days began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and Moncoys records that after dinner on May 22nd, 1663, the Duke and he repaired to the newly opened Theatre Royal in Drury Lane and sat in the King's box." We quote a translation of his observations:—"The theatre is the neatest and prettiest I have ever seen, all upholstered below in green bryette; as well as all the boxes which are upholstered in the same, with bands of gilt. All the parterre seats where the persons of rank sit, are arranged like an amphitheatre, each row higher than the front. The scenery and mechanism of the theatre are very ingeniously contrived and executed." Of a subsequent visit to Davenant's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields on June 5th, he says:—"After dinner I was at the comedy of the Duke of York where the changes of scene pleased me much, but not the coldness in action and speaking as well of the men as of the women, in the powerful emotions of anger and fear."

Sarbières, who came to England about the same time as Moncoys, but apparently resorted only to the new house in Drury Lane, published his experiences in Paris in 1664. Forty-five years after, the book was very imper-

fectly translated into English. Sarbières says—(we use the correct translation)—“The theatre is very handsome *covered with green cloth*, and is very liberal as to scenery, with many changes and views.” The imperfect translation makes him say that only the stage is covered with green cloth. Sarbières further says:—“The playhouse is much more diverting and commodious; the best places are in the pit, where men and women promiscuously sit, everybody with their company, * * * and the scenes often change and you are regaled with new perspectives. The music with which you are entertained diverts your time till the play begins and people choose to go in betimes to hear it.”

Magalotti, who visited England in the train of the Duke of Florence in 1669, and whose “Travels” were published in London in 1821, confirms what Sarbières says of the musical entertainments of the theatre. He says:—“Before the comedy begins, that the audience may not be tired with waiting, the most delightful symphonies are played, on which account many persons come early to enjoy this agreeable amusement.” As the Court of Charles II was a slavish imitation of the French, the English theatre and the English drama were equally obsequious. Even in the matter of stage costume, Murault in his “Lettres sur les Anglais” (1694-5) says in substance, that on the London stage he found the costumes as magnificent as they were inaccurate. Keeping step with their French brethren in the matter of anachronism, the English players thought nothing of dressing Hannibal in a long powdered wig covered by a helmet, with ribbons on his coat of mail and fringed gloves on his hands. If there were no other proof of the complete change in the environment of the stage than that which we have cited, one might suspect that to such an audience “The Tempest” must have seemed dull, and Othello “a bloody farce without salt or savor.”

But the transformation of the theatre was but the external evidence of a far wider and deeper change. Ben Jonson had vanquished Shakspere, and the Drama had gone under the yoke of “the unities.” It is true that during some eight years after the Restoration, because hostile criticism had not taken its final position, plays under the name of Shakspere were sometimes performed; the proof is conclusive, however, that the plays of Fletcher, Jonson and Shirley were preferred. We have been unable to find proof that any “of the original performances of Shakspere, immediately after the Restoration, were given from the unsophisticated text,” and Dryden in 1665 wrote that “others are now generally preferred before him.” The King and

his court had brought home from France the passion for spectacle and music, and the professed scholars and critics of the time had anticipated the discovery of Voltaire, and proven to their own satisfaction and to the world at large, that Shakspeare was a "drunken savage." The record is before us—more than two centuries old—and we need not review it. It is only necessary to call attention to the fact that the great dramatist was again "submerged." To rescue him from neglect and final burial under the dust of the few remaining folios and quartos, it was imperatively necessary to adapt his work to the rules of "the unities," the imported taste of the Court, the exquisite music and "the magnificent dancing" of the new stage. This is precisely what the dramatists of the Restoration did, and all they attempted to do. If they had been men of creative power, we should have had models of classic elegance like the tragedies of Racine, instead of the patchwork of "The Law against Lovers" or "The Enchanted Island," but Shakespeare would have had no place under the universal reign of "correct taste;" the populace who listened in the theatre would have heard no echoes from a simpler but greater age; scholars would have found no delight in works which had been discredited and consigned to oblivion, and the Third and Fourth Folios would have had no reason for being.

But they were not men of creative power; without exception, for Milton cannot be classed as a dramatist, they were of the second or some lower order. Without dramatic faculty, shackled by artificial rules which they dared not violate, and by the corrupt taste of a corrupt Court to which they were compelled to pander, they were just the men to keep alive the memory of their great predecessor by futile attempts to imitate him, and successful efforts to adapt him to their own environment. These adaptations, some of which held possession of the stage for more than a century, served to keep in mind the great originals, as the opera house and circus which the mediæval artists built, kept in the memory of men the decaying temples of an earlier time. Of all these dramatists of the Restoration, the most eminent were D'Avenant and Dryden, and we may be permitted to refer briefly to their work, because it forcibly illustrates the theory we have suggested.

Of D'Avenant we know little; he was a successful manager and playwright; he appears to have thought himself Shakespeare's legatee with power to use as he pleased the assets that came to his hands, and to write with his god-father's "very spirit"; he was the pioneer in the "adaptations" of Shakespeare to the stage and taste of his time. Doubtless as Dryden assures

us in the Preface to their joint adaptation of "The Tempest," he was a man of ability, with a lively imagination, and skill in "contrivances" to suit the plays of his great master to the musical and dancing stage of his theatre. Alone of the men of that time, D'Avenant in his boyhood knew Shakespeare personally; he may have shared in the "hundred kisses" in the parlor at Oxford; it is certain that his admiration of his predecessor amounted to little less than worship, and that he inspired Dryden with a large share of his devotion. Moreover, D'Avenant was the direct inheritor of the stage traditions from Shakespeare's time. He probably knew John Lowin and Joseph Taylor, who were actors on Shakespeare's stage and lived through the Commonwealth. Lowin acted with Shakespeare himself in Jonson's "Sejanus;" Taylor acted Hamlet and Iago during Shakespeare's life. According to not improbable testimony, Taylor "repeated instructions which he had received from Shakespeare's own lips for the playing of the part of Hamlet," and "Lowin narrated how, Shakespeare taught him the theatrical interpretation of the character of Henry the Eighth," and these reminiscences passed directly to Betterton, who was D'Avenant's "star." From personal knowledge, from tradition, from his profound admiration of the original plays, he was just the man to attempt "adaptations" of them, and to preserve the originals from oblivion by a new edition. The Third Folio was published in 1663, and re-issued in 1664, when D'Avenant was at the height of his fame, and the fact that the six spurious plays (seven, if Pericles is "spurious") which had been attributed to Shakespeare in his lifetime "by unprincipled publishers," first appeared in that edition, makes it a reasonable inference since after only thirty years from the date of the Second Folio, and at a time when the originals could not meet the popular demand, and were pronounced inferior by eminent critics, another folio could hardly be needed, either for the stage or the closet, that the Third Folio was edited by some man who had some specially particular interest in Shakespeare and believed that these added plays had a claim or some claim to insertion, and further persuasive facts make it probable that this editor was D'Avenant. It is clear from his luxurious theatre, always crowded, as reported by Chappuzeau, that his revenue as manager and playwright was equal to the risk of the enterprise; it is undisputed that his "Restorations" were more numerous than those of any contemporary and were executed not for the purpose of concealing his indebtedness to the originals but of openly avowing it and adapting them to his theatrical environment—perhaps for the purpose of showing that he could

successfully imitate them. It is interesting to note further that the Third Folio very closely follows the text of the First and Second; an editor with a purely editorial interest in his work, would have corrected the multitude of printer's errors, even if he had not begun the work of centuries of "emendation." A more interested editor, particularly one who, according to tradition, tacitly admitted that his relation to Shakespeare was much closer than any literary tie, would be likely to do just what he did, viz., reprint the First or Second Folio with religious accuracy. Speculation may be indulged further: D'Avenant was the Boswell of his time without Boswell's modesty; his vanity knew no bounds; he thought himself at least the literary son of the great dramatist, declaimed about his transcendent merit and his own, and openly assumed the title of a successful imitator. With such an extravagant estimate of himself, he may have thought he could unerringly detect Shakespeare's hand in the work of other men, and therefore he may be responsible for adding the spurious plays in the Third Folio. To return to Dryden: "All for Love, or The World Well Lost," he tells us was the only play "which he wrote to please himself." He shed melodious tears over the death of Cromwell, and hailed the return of Charles in lines only less servile than those of Waller, yet he was thoroughly independent, proud, as an honest man has a right to be, of being able to get his bread by his brains. He lived in Grub street all his life, and never dreamed that where a man of genius lived was not the best quarter of the town." He wrote comedies of surpassing indecency which Pepys calls "very smutty," but confesses that "I have given [yielded] too much to the people in it, and am ashamed for them as well as myself, that I have pleased them at so cheap a rate." He offers a defence in verse, "in the last epilogue he ever wrote," which is like a flashlight upon the time:

"But sure a banished Court, with lewdness fraught,

"The seeds of open vice returning brought.

"Whitchall the naked Venus first revealed,

"Who, standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine,

"The strumpet was adored with rites divine.

"The poets, who must live by courts or starve,

"Were proud so good a Government to serve,

"And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,

"Tainted the stage for some small snip of gain."

He was not as successful in his heroic plays, which were for the most part free from the vices of his age, and show that while he was not a poet of the highest order, he was first of the second. He was the literary dictator of his time, and a pinch from his snuff-box at Will's was a certificate of social distinction, but he had no aptitude whatever for the stage, and in writing for it, he was attempting to make a trade of his genius." "He was a strong thinker who sometimes carried common sense to a height where it catches the light of a diviner air." "He is a prose writer with a kind of Aeolian attachment," to borrow Lowell's description. His plays contain "rant and fustian and bombast," that remind us of Tamburlaine himself from "The Royal Martyr":

"Where'er thou stand'st, I'll level at that place
 "My gushing blood, and spout it in thy face;
 "Nay, more, my arms shall throw my head at thine."

Compared with this "All for Love," written avowedly in the style of Shakespeare, and after "feeding on his bee-bread," the only one in which "there is a trace of real passion," Dryden approaches his master as in those exquisite lines of Anthony:

"How I loved,
 "Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours
 "That danced away with down upon your feet."

That its events happen and its characters act within the magic limit of twenty-four hours, according to the rules of Art which Charles the Second brought back from France and graciously bestowed upon the English stage to relieve its "boisterous wit," is only to be expected.

Shakespeare calls back to life from the grave where Plutarch had left him, the "curled Antony," the indomitable soldier, the self-confessed coward, the emperor of the East, the "doting mallard," and shows him "barber'd ten times o'er" at the feast of an Egyptian courtesan; and restores Cleopatra from the poison of the asp and depicts her jeering at the deserted Fulvia, striking and threatening with death the messenger who announces Octavia's wedding, sending impatient messages to the lingering bridegroom "nodding him back." Dryden ignores the truth of history, introduces Ventidius, and attempts an "adaptation" of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, an

"adaptation" which he tells us "he preferred to anything he had written in this kind," but Antony is no longer "the great general," the "dishonored soldier," the "fallen master of half the world;" "He is little more than a sentimental love-sick swain, while the Egyptian queen has lost nearly every one of the characteristics with which she has impressed the ages, and is exhibited to us as displaying the behavior of a tender-hearted, affectionate and wholly romantic schoolgirl." And yet, in my opinion "All for Love" is a noble play; it is full of beautiful and powerful passages which compel admiration and make the reader doubt the entire truth of Lowell's generalization that Dryden had "no aptitude whatever for the stage." If he had no "aptitude" for the stage of the Restoration, it was partly because he was large enough to measure the greatness of Shakespeare, partly because he was compelled to work in the fetters of "the unities," and therefore, he could show his admiration for his acknowledged master in no better or other way than by adaptations from his work. His supreme interest for us lies in the fact that in spite of the narrow criticism of the day, he formed and recorded an estimate of Shakespeare's matchless power which "has stood out all appeals,"—the fact that by his adaptations, he kept alive the name and fame of Shakespeare on the London stage; and, more than any other man of the century, built the bridge across the turbid and passionate flood of the Restoration over which Shakespeare must cross to our own age and date if he was to come down to them at all. And this is why I cannot agree with my able co-editor Dr. Kilbourne who in his Introduction to *THE TEMPEST* in this *BANKSIDE-RESTORATION SERIES*, holds that Dryden perpetrated a literary crime in which D'Avenant was particeps criminis—when they did over Shakespeare's plays to suit the taste and appetite of their time. To my thinking, Dryden and D'Avenant were Shakespeare's saviors even if the media of the salvage was not precisely what this century regards as nice. Those two Restoration Dramatists were surely better assessors of the vogue of their own date than we of the Twentieth century.

As one who edits a Shakespeare text has a right *nem. con.* to express an opinion on a reading, may I add here that I agree with the general Editor of this series not only in his contention that Sir William D'Avenant deserves the everlasting reverence of Shakespeare lovers for preserving the plays through the "carpentry and French" of this "Restoration" period, (*Shakespeare In Fact And In Criticism*, *art.* "Shakespeare's Literary Executor,"—Appleton Morgan, New York, 1885) but in maintaining that the one great crux for

which this play is sponsor—"arme gaunte steed" is simply typographical error for AN ARROGANT STEED? What sort of a steed but "an arrogant steed" should the demi-Atlas of this earth mount? And would it not make any steed "arrogant" to bear a "demi-Atlas of this earth"? And what is more Shakespearean in all Shakespeare than to make the steed haughty among all the steeds of this earth to carry an Antony on his back? These questions of Dr. Morgan I can only answer as Dr. Morgan himself answers them.

FRANCIS A. SMITH.



ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.



ALL for LOVE:

O R, T H E

World well Lost.

A

T R A G E D Y,

Acted by Her

MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Written in Imitation of *Shakespear's* Stile,

By Mr. *D R Y D E N*.

*Facile est verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare: Idque re-
finctis animorum incendiis irridere. Cicero.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for *J. Tonson*: And Sold by *J. Knapton* at the Crown in
St. Paul's Church-yard, *G. Strahan* over-against the Royal-
Exchange in Cornhill, and *E. Sanger* at the Post-House at the
Middle-Temple Gate. 1709.



To the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THOMAS EARL OF DANBY
VISCOUNT LATIMER,
and
BARON OSBORNE of *Kiveton*
in *Yorkshire*.

Lord High Treafurer of *England*, One of His Majefty's moft Honourable
Privy-Council, and Knight of the Moft Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My LORD,

THE Gratitude of Poets is fo troublefome a Virture to Great Men, that you are often in danger of your own Benefits: For you are threaten'd with fome Epiftle, and not fuffer'd to do Good in quiet, or to compound for their Silence whom you have Oblig'd. Yet, I confeß, I neither am, nor ought to be furpriz'd at this Indulgence; For your Lordfhip has the fame Right to Favour Poetry which the Great and Noble have ever had.

Carmen amat, quifquis carmine digna gerit.

There is fomewhat of a Tye in Nature betwixt thofe who are Born for Worthy Actions, and thofe who can Tranfmit them to Pofterity: And though ours be much the inferior part, it comes at leaft within the Verge of Alliance; nor are we unprofitable Members of the Commonwealth, when we animate others to thofe Virtues, which we Copy and Defcribe from You.

'Tis indeed their Intereſt, who endeavour the Subverſion of Governments, to diſcourage Poets and Hiſtorians; for the beſt which can happen to them is to be forgotten: But ſuch, who, under **KINGS**, are the Fathers of their Country, and by a Juſt and Prudent ordering of Affairs preſerve it, have the ſame Reaſon to Cherish the Chroniclers of their Actions, as they have to lay up in ſafety the Deeds and Evidences of their Eſtates: For ſuch Records are their undoubted Titles to the Love and Reverence of After-ages. Our *Lordſhip's* Adminiſtration has already taken up a conſiderable part of the *Engliſh Annals*; and many of its moſt happy Years are owing to it. His **MAJESTY**, the moſt knowing Judge of Men, and the beſt Maſter, has acknowledg'd the Eaſe and Benefit he Receives in the Incomes of his Treafury, which You found not only Diſorder'd, but Exhausted. All things were in the Confuſion of a *Chaos*, without Form or Method, if not reduc'd beyond it, even to Annihilation: So that you had not only to ſeparate the Jarring Elements, but (if that boldneſs of Expreſſion might be allow'd me) to Create them. Your Enemies had ſo Embroil'd the Management of your Office, that they look'd on your Advancement as the inſtrument of your Ruin. And as if the clogging of the Revenue, and the Confuſion of Accounts, which you found in your Entrance, were not ſufficient, they added their own weight of Malice to the Publick Calamity, by foreſtalling the Credit which ſhou'd Cure it: Your Friends, on the other ſide, were only capable of Pitying, but not of Aiding you: No farther Help or Counſel was remaining to you, but what was founded on your Self; and that indeed was your Security: For your Diligence, your Conſtancy, and your Prudence, wrought more ſurely within, when they were not diſturb'd by any outward Motion. The high-eſt Virtue is beſt to be truſted with its Self, for Aſſiſtance only can be given by a *Genius* ſuperior to that which it Aſſiſts. And 'tis the Nobleſt kind of Debt, when we are only oblig'd to God and Nature. This then, *My Lord*, is your juſt Commendation, That you have wrought out your Self a way to Glory, by thoſe very Means that were deſign'd for your Deſtruction: You have not only reſtor'd, but advanc'd the Revenues of your Maſter without Grievance to the Subject: And as if that were little yet, the Debts of the *Exchequer*, which lay heavieſt both on the *Crown*, and on *private Perſons*, have by your Conduct been Eſtabliſh'd in a certainty of Satisfaction. An Action ſo much the more Great and Honourable, becauſe the Cauſe was without the ordinary Relief of Laws; above

the Hopes of the Afflicted, and beyond the Narrowness of the Treasury to Redress, had it been mang'd by a less able Hand. 'Tis certainly the Happiest, and most Unenvy'd Part of all your Fortune, to do Good to many, while you do Injury to none: To receive at once the Prayers of the Subject, and the Praises of the Prince: And by the care of your Conduct, to give Him Means of Exerting the chiefest, (if any be the chiefest of His Royal Virtues: His distributive Justice to the Deserving, and His Bounty and Compassion to the Wanting. The Disposition of Princes towards their People, cannot better be discover'd than in the choice of their Ministers; who, like the Animal Spirits betwixt the Soul and Body, participate somewhat of both Natures, and make the Communication which is betwixt them. A King, who is Just and Moderate in his Nature, who Rules according to the Laws, whom God made Happy by Forming the Temper of his Soul to the Constitution of His Government, and who makes us Happy, by assuming over us no other Sovereignty than that wherein our Welfare and Liberty consists; A Prince, I say, of so excellent a Character and so suitable to the Wishes of all Good Men, could not better have convey'd Himself into His Peoples Apprehensions, than in your Lordship's Person; who so lively expresses the same Virtues, that you seem not so much a Copy, as an Emanation of Him. Moderation is doubtless an Establishment of Greatness; but there is a steadiness of Temper which is likewise requisite in a Minister of State: So equal a mixture of both Virtues, that he may stand like an *Isthmus* betwixt the two Encroaching Seas of Arbitrary Power, and Lawless Anarchy. The Undertaking would be difficult to any but an Extraordinary *Genius*, to stand at the Line, and to divide the Limits; to pay what is due to the Great Representative of the Nation, and neither to inance, nor to yield up the undoubted Prerogatives of the Crown. These, *My Lord*, are the proper Virtues of a Noble Englishman, as indeed they are proper English Virtues: No People in the World being capable of using them, but we who have the Happiness to be Born under so equal, and so well-pois'd a Government. A Government which has all the Advantages of Liberty beyond a Common-wealth, and all the Marks of Kingly Sovereignty without the danger of a Tyranny. Both my Nature, as I am an Englishman, and my Reason, as I am a Man, have bred in me a Loathing to that specious Name of a Republick; That mock-appearance of a Liberty, where all who have not part in the Government, are Slaves; And Slaves they are, of a viler Note than such as are

Subjects to an obſolute Dominion. For no Chriſtian Monarchy is ſo Abſolute, but 'tis Circumſcrib'd with Laws: But when the Executive Power is in the Law-Makers, there is no farther check upon them; and the People muſt ſuffer without a Remedy, becauſe they are Oppreſſ'd by their Representatives. If I muſt ſerve, the number of my Maſters, who were Born my Equals, would but add to the Ignominy of my Bondage. The Nature of our Government, above all other, is exactly Suited both to the Situation of our Country, and the Temper of the Natives: An Iſland being more proper for Commerce and for Defence, than for extending its Dominions on the Continent: For what the Valour of its Inhabitants might gain, by reaſon of its Remoteneſs and the Casualties of the Seas, it cou'd not ſo eaſily preſerve: And therefore, neither the Arbitrary Power of one in a Monarchy, nor of many in a Common-wealth, could make us greater than we are. 'Tis true, that vaſter and more frequent Taxes might be gather'd, when the Conſent of the People was not Ask'd or Needed; but this were only by Conquering abroad to be Poor at home: And the Examples of our Neighbours teach us, that they are not always the Happieſt Subjects whoſe Kings extend their Dominions fartheſt. Since therefore we cannot win by an Offensive War, at leaſt a Land-war, the model of our Government ſeems Naturally contriv'd for the Defensive part: And the Conſent of a People is eaſily obtain'd to contribute to that Power which muſt protect it. *Felices nimium bona ſi ſua norint, Angligenæ!* And yet there are not wanting Malecontents amongſt us, who Surfeiting themſelves on too much Happineſs, wou'd perſwade the People that they might be Happier by a Change. 'Twas indeed the Policy of their old Forefather, when himſelfe was fallen from the Station of Glory, to ſeduce Mankind into the ſame Rebellion with him, by telling him he might yet be freer than he was: That is, more free than his Nature wou'd allow, or (If I may ſo ſay) than God cou'd make him. We have already all the Liberty which Free-born Subjects can enjoy; and all beyond it is but Licenſe. But if it be Liberty of Conſcience which they pretend, the Moderation of our Church is ſuch, that its Practice extends not to the ſeverity of Perſecution; and its Diſcipline is withal ſo eaſie, that it allows more freedom to Diſſenters than any of the Sects wou'd allow to it. In the mean time, what Right can be pretended by theſe Men to attempt Innovations in Church or State? Who made them the Truſtees, or (to Speak a little nearer their own Language) the Keepers of the

Liberty of *England*? If their Call be extraordinary, let them Convince us by working Miracles; for ordinary Vocation they can have none to disturb the Government under which they were Born, and which protects them. He who has often chang'd his Party, and always has made his Interest the Rule of it, gives little Evidence of his Sincerity for the Publick Good: 'Tis manifest he changes but for himself, and takes the People for Tools to work his Fortune. Yet the Experience of all Ages might let him know, that they who trouble the Waters first, have seldom the benefit of the Fishing: As they who began the late Rebellion, enjoy'd not the Fruit of their Undertaking, but were crush'd themselves by the Ufurpation of their own Instrument: Neither is it enough for them to Answer, that they only intend a Reformation of the Government, but not the Subversion of it. On such Pretences all Insurrections have been founded; 'Tis striking at the Root of Power, which is Obedience. Every Remonstrance of private Men, has the Seed of Treason in it; and Discourses which are couch'd in ambiguous Terms, and therefore the more dangerous, because they do all the Mischief of open Sedition, yet are safe from the Punishment of the Laws. These, *My Lord*, are considerations which I should not pass so lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deserve: For no Man can be so inconsiderable in a Nation, as not to have a share in the welfare of it; and if he be a true Englishman, he must at the same time be fir'd with Indignation, and revenge himself as he can on the Disturbers of his Country. And to whom could I more fitly apply myself, than to Your Lordship, who have not only an Inborn, but an Hereditary Loyalty? The memorable Constancy and Sufferings of your Father, almost to the ruin of His Estate, for the Royal Cause, were an earnest of that, which such a Parent and such an Institution wou'd produce in the Person of a Son. But so unhappy on Occasion of manifesting Your own Zeal in suffering for his present *Majesty*, the Providence of God, and the Prudence of Your Administration, will, I hope, prevent. That as Your Father's Fortune waited on the Unhappiness of his *Sovereign*, so Your own may participate of the better Fate which attends his *Son*. The Relation which You have by Alliance to the Noble Family of Your Lady, serves to confirm to you both this happy Augury. For what can deserve a greater place in the *English* Chronicle, than the Loyalty and Courage, the Actions and Death of the General of any Army Fighting for his Prince and Country? The Honour and Gallantry of the Earl of *Lindsey*, is so

illustrious a Subject, that 'tis fit to adorn an Heroick Poem; for He was the Proto-Martyr of the Cause, and the Type of his unfortunate Royal Master.

Yet after all, *My Lord*, if I may speak my Thoughts, You are happy rather to us than to your self: For the Multiplicity, the Cares, and the Vexations of your Employment, have betray'd you from your self, and given you up into the Possession of the Publick. You are Robb'd of your Privacy and Friends, and scarce any hour of your Life you can call your own. Those who envy your Fortune, if they wanted not good Nature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watch'd by a Croud of Suitors, whose Importunity 'tis impossible to avoid, would conclude with reason, that you have lost much more in true Content, than you have gain'd by Dignity; and that a private Gentleman is better attended by a single Servant, than your Lordship with so clamorous a Train. Pardon me, *My Lord*, if I speak like a Philosopher on this Subject; the Fortune which makes a Man Uneasie, cannot make him Happy: And a Wise Man must think himself Uneasie, when few of his Actions are in his Choice.

This last Consideration has brought me to another, and a very seasonable one for your Relief: which is, That while I pity your want of leisure, I have impertinently Detain'd you so long a time. I have put off my own Business, which was my Dedication, 'till 'tis so late, that I am now ashamed to begin it: And therefore I will say nothing of the Poem, which I present to you, because I know not if you are like to have an hour, which, with a good Conscience, you may throw away in perusing it: And for the Author, I have only to beg the continuance of your Protection to him, who is,

MY LORD.

Your Lordship's most Obligated,

most Humble, and most

Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

PREFACE.

THE Death of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, is a Subject which has been treated by the greatest of our Nation, after *Shakespeare*; and by all so variously, that their Example has giv'n me the confidence to try my self in this Bowe of *Vlyffes* amongst the crowd of Sutors; and withal, to take my own Measures, in aiming at the Mark. I doubt not but the same Motive has prevailed with all of us in this attempt; I mean, the excellency of the Moral: For the chief Persons represented, were famous Patterns of unlawful Love; and their end accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable Men have long since concluded, That the Hero of the Poem ought not to be a Character of perfect Virtue, for, then, he could not, without injustice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied: I have therefore steer'd the middle course; and have drawn the Character of *Anthony* as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian*, and *Dion Cassius* wou'd give me leave: the like I have observ'd in *Cleopatra*. That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater height, was not afforded me by the Story: for the crimes of Love which they both committed, were not occasioned by any necessity, or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our Passions are, or ought to be, within our power. The Fabrick of the Play is regular enough, as to the inferior parts of it; and the Unities of Time, Place and Action, more exactly observ'd, than perhaps the *English* Theater requires. Particularly, the Action is so much one, that it is the only of the kind without Epifode, or Under-plot; every Scene in the Tragedy conducing to the main design, and every Act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest error in the contrivance seems to be in the person of *Octavias*. For, though I might use the privilege of a Poet, to introduce her into *Alexandria*; yet I had not enough consider'd, that the Compassion she mov'd to her self and Children, was destructive to that which I reserv'd for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*; whose mutual Love being founded upon Vice, must lessen the favour of the Audience to them, when Virtue and Innocence were oppress'd by it. And, though I justify'd *Anthony* in some measure, by making *Octavia's* departure to proceed wholly from her self, yet the force of the first Machine still re-

main'd; and the dividing of Pity, like the cutting of a River into many Channels, abated the strength of the natural Stream. But this is an Objection which none of my Criticks have urg'd against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolv'd to have been partial to my self. The faults my Enemies have found, are rather cavils concerning little, and not essential Decencies; which a Master of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The *French* Poets, I confess, are strict Observers of these Punctilio's: They would not, for example, have suffer'd *Cleopatra* and *Othavia* to have met; or if they had met, there must have pass'd betwixt them some cold civilities, but no eagerness of repartée for fear of offending against the greatness of their Characters, and the modesty of their Sex. This Objection I foresaw, and at the same time condemn'd: For I judg'd it both natural and probable, that *Othavia*, proud of her new-gain'd Conquest, would search out *Cleopatra* to triumph over her; and that *Cleopatra*, thus attack'd, was not of a spirit to shun the encounter; and 'tis not unlikely, that two exasperated Rivals should use such Satyr as I have put into their mouths; for after all, though the one were a *Roman*, and the other a Queen, they were both Women. 'Tis true, some Actions, though natural, are not fit to be represented; and broad Obscenities in words, ought in good manners to be avoided: Expressions therefore are a modest cloathing of our Thoughts, as Breeches and Petticoats are of our Bodies. If I have kept my self within the bounds of Modesty, all beyond it is but Nicety and Affectation; which is no more but Modesty deprav'd into a Vice: They betray themselves who are too quick of Apprehension in such cases, and leave all reasonable Men to imagine worse of them, than of the Poet.

Honest *Montaigne* goes yet farther: *Nous ne sommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, & laissons la substance des choses. Nous nous tenons aux branches, & abandonnons le tronc & le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir, oyans seulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement a faire: Nous n'osons appeller a droit nos membres, & ne craignons pas de les employer a toute sorte de débauche. La ceremonie nous défend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites & naturelles, & nous l'en croyons; la raison nous défend de n'en faire point d'illicites & mauvaises, & personne ne l'en croit.* My comfort is, that by this Opinion my Enemies are but sucking Criticks, who wou'd fain be nibbling e'er their Teeth are come.

Yet, in this nicety of Manners does the excellency of *French* Poetry consist: Their Heroes are the most civil people breathing; but their good breeding

feldom extends to a word of fenfe: All their Wit is in their Ceremony; they want the Genius which animates our Stage; and therefore 'tis but neceffary when they cannot pleafe, that they fhould take care not to offend. But as the civileft Man in the Company is commonly the dulleft, fo thefe Authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners, make you fleep. They are fo careful not to exasperate a Critick, that they never leave him any work; fo bufie with the Broom, and make fo clean a riddance, that there is little left either for Cenfure or for Praife: For no part of a Poem is worth our difcommending, where the whole is infipid; as when we have once tafted of pall'd Wine, we ftay not to examine it Glafs by Glafs. But while they affect to fhine in trifles, they are often carelefs in effentials. Thus their *Hippolitus* is, fo fcrupulous in point of decency, that he will rather expofe himfelf to death than accufe his Step-mother to his Father; and my Criticks I am fure will commend him for it: but we of groffer apprehenfions, are apt to think, that this excefs of generofity is not profticable but with Fools and Madmen. This was good manners with a vengeance; and the Audience is like to be much concern'd at the misfortunes of this admirable Hero: but take *Hippolitus* out of his Poetick Fit, and I fuppofe he would think it a wifer part to fet the Saddle on the right Horfe, and chufe rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken honeft Man, than to die with the infamy of an inceftuous Villian. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the Poet ought to have preferv'd the Character as it was deliver'd to us by Antiquity, when he fhould have given us the Picture of a young rough Man, of the *Amazonian* ftrain, a jolly Huntsman, and both by his Profeflion and his early rifing a Mortal Enemy to Love, he has chofen to give him the turn of Gallantry, fent him to travel from *Athens* to *Paris*, taught him to make Love, and transworm'd the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides* into Monfieur *Hippolyte*. I fhould not have troubled my felt thus far with French Poets, but that I find our *Chedreux* Criticks wholly form their Judgments by them. But for my part, I defire to be try'd by the Laws of my own Country; for it feems unjust to me, that the *French* fhould prefcribe here, 'till they have conquer'd. Our little Sonnettiers who follow them have too narrow Souls to judge of Poetry. Poets themfelves are the moft proper, though I conclude not the only Criticks. But 'till fome Genius, as Univerfal as *Artiftotle*, fhall arife, who can penetrate into all Arts and Sciences, without the praftice of them, I fhall think it reasonable, that the Judgment of an Artificer in his own Art fhould be preferable to the Opinion of another Man; at leaft where

he is not brib'd by Interest, or prejudic'd by Malice: And this, I suppose, is manifest by plain induction: For, first, the Crowd cannot be presum'd to have more than a gross instinct of what pleases or displeases them: Every Man will grant me this: But then, by a particular kindness to himself, he draws his own stake first, and will be distinguish'd from the multitude, of which other Men may think him one. But, if I come closer to those who are allow'd for witty Men, either by the advantage of their Quality, or by common Fame, and affirm that either are they qualify'd to decide Sovereignly, concerning Poetry, I shall yet have a strong Party of my Opinion; for most of them severally will exclude the rest, either from the number of witty Men, or at least of able Judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themselves: And every one who believes himself a Wit, that is, every Man, will pretend at the same time to a right of judging. But to press it yet farther, there are many witty Men, but few Poets, neither have all Poets a taste of Tragedy. And this is the Rock on which they are daily splitting. Poetry, which is a Picture of Nature, must generally please: But 'tis not to be understood that all parts of it must please every Man; therefore is not Tragedy to be judg'd by a witty Man, whose taste is only confin'd to Comedy. Nor is every Man who loves Tragedy a sufficient Judge of it: He must understand the excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind Admirer, not a Critick. From hence it comes that so many Satyrs on Poets, and Censures of their Writings, fly abroad. Men of pleasant Conversation, (at least esteem'd so) and indu'd with a trifling kind of Fancy, perhaps help'd out with some smattering of Latine, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the Herd of Gentlemen, by their Poetry:

*Rarus enim fermé sensus communis in illa
Fortuna.*

And is not this a wretched Affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their Estates, but they must call their Wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to publick view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober Men, which they have found from their Flatterers after the third Bottle? If a little glittering in discourse has pass'd them on us for witty Men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the World? Would a Man who has an ill Title to an Estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord, to be try'd at *Wcftminster*? We who write, if we want the Talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what

can be urg'd in their defence, who not having the Vocation of Poverty to scribble out of meer wantonneſs, take pains to make themſelves ridiculous? *Horace* was certainly in the right, where he ſaid, That *no Man is ſatisfy'd with his own condition*. A Poet is not pleas'd becauſe he is not rich; and the Rich are diſcontented, becauſe the Poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the caſe is hard with Writers: If they ſucceed not, they muſt ſtarve; and if they do, ſome malicious Satyr is prepar'd to level them, for daring to pleaſe without their leave. But while they are ſo eager to deſtroy the Fame of others, their Ambition is manifeſt in their concernment: ſome Poem of their own is to be produc'd, and the Slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the Monarch may appear in the greater Majeſty.

Dionyſius and *Nero* had the ſame longings, but with all their Power they could never bring their buſineſs well about. 'Tis true, they proclaim'd themſelves Poets by ſound of Trumpet; and Poets they were upon pain of Death to any Man who durſt call them otherwiſe. The Audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they ſate in a bodily fear, and look'd as demurely as they could: For 'twas a hanging matter to laugh unreaſonably; and the Tyrants were ſuſpicious, as they had reaſon, that their Subjects had 'em in the wind; ſo, every Man in his own defence ſet as good a face upon the buſineſs as he could: 'Twas known before-hand that the Monarchs were to be Crown'd Laureats; but when the Shew was over, and an honeſt Man was ſuffer'd to depart quietly, he took out his Laughter which he had ſtifled, and with a firm reſolution never more to ſee an Emperor's Play, though he had been ten years a making it. In the mean time, the true Poets were they who made the beſt Markets, for they had Wit enough to yield the Prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty Legions: They were ſure to be rewarded if they confeſs'd themſelves bad Writers, and that was ſomewhat better than to be Martyrs for their Reputation. *Lucan's* Example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to Death, for overcoming *Nero*, the Emperor carried it without diſpute for the beſt Poet in his Dominions: No Man was ambitious of that grinning Honour; for if he heard the malicious Trumpeter proclaiming his Name before his Betters, he knew there was but one way with him. *Mecenas* took another Courſe, and we know he was more than a great Man, for he was witty too: But finding himſelf far gone in Poetry, which *Seneca* affures us was not his Talent, he thought it his beſt way to be well with *Virgil* and with *Horace*; that at leaſt he might be a Poet at the ſecond hand; and we ſee how happily it has ſucceeded with him; for

his own bad Poetry is forgotten, and their Panegyricks of him still remain. But they who should be our Patrons, are for no such expenfive ways to Fame: They have much of the Poetry of *Mecænas*, but little of his Liberality. They are for persecuting *Horace* and *Virgil*, in the Persons of their Successors, (for such is every Man, who has any part of their Soul and Fire, though in a less degree.) Some of their little *Zanies* yet go farther; for they are Persecutors even of *Horace* himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile Imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his Authority, and turning his Artillery against his Friends. But how would he disdain to be Copied by such hands! I dare answer for him, he would be more uneasy in their Company, than he was with *Crispinus* their Forefather in the *Holy Way*; and would no more have allow'd them a place amongst the Criticks, than he would *Demetrius* the Mimick, and *Tigellius* the Buffoon;

—————*Demetri, teque Tigelli,*

Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras.

With what scorn would he look down on such miserable Translators, who make Doggrel of his Latin, mistake his meaning, misapply his Censures, and often contradict their own? He is fix'd as a Land-Mark to set out the bounds of Poetry,

—————*Saxum, antiquum ingens*

Limes agro posuisti litem ut discerneret arvis:

But other Arms than theirs, and other Sinews are requir'd, to raise the weight of such an Author; and when they would toss him against their Enemies,

Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis,

Tum lapis ipse, viri vacuum per inane volutus

Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit ictum.

For my part, I would wish no other revenge, either for my self or the rest of the Poets, from this Rhyming Judge of the Twelve-penny Gallery, this Legitimate Son of *Sternhold*, than that he would subscribe his Name to his Censure, or (not to tax him beyond his Learning) set his mark: for should he own himself publicly, and come from behind the Lion's Skin, they whom he condemns would be thankful to him, they whom he praises would chuse to be Condemned; and the Magistrates whom he has Elected, would modestly withdraw from their Employment, to avoid the scandal of his Nomination. The sharpness of his Satyr, next to himself, falls most heavily on his Friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the

wrong way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a Friend whose haftinefs in writing is his greateft fault, *Horace* would have taught him to have minc'd the matter, and to have call'd it readinefs of Thought, and a flowing Fancy; for Friendfhip will allow a Man to Chriften an Imperfection by the Name of fome Neighbour Virtue:

*Vellem in amicitia fic erraremus; & ifti
Errori, nomen virtus poffiffet honeftum.*

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd a flow Man hafty, or a hafty Writer a flow Drudge, as *Juvenal* explains it:

—————*Canibus pigris fcabieque vetufta
Lecibus, & ficca lambentibus ora lucernæ
Nomen erit, Pardus, Tygris, Leo; fi quid adhuc eft
Quod premit in terris violentius.*

Yet *Lucretius* Laughs at a foolifh Lover, even for excufing the Imperfections of his Miftrefs:

*Nigra eft, immunda & fetida .
Balba loqui non quit, ; muta pudens eft, &c.*

But to drive it, *ad Æthiopem Cygnum*, is not to be indur'd. I leave him to interpret this by the Benefit of his French Verſion on the other fide, and without farther confidering him, than I have the reft of my illiterate Cenfors, whom I have difdain'd to Anfwer, becaufe they are not qualified for Judges. It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that I have endeavour'd in this Play to follow the praftice of the Ancients, who, as Mr. *Rymer* has judiciously obſerv'd, are, and ought to be our Mafters. *Horace* likewise gives it for a Rule in his Art of Poetry,

—————*Vos exemplaria Græcæ
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.*

Yet, though their Models are regular, they are too little for Engliſh Tragedy; which requires to be built in a larger Compaſs. I could give an inſtance in the *Oepipus Tyrannus*, which was the Mater-piece of *Sophocles*; but I reſerve it for a more fit occaſion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my Stile I have profeſs'd to imitate the Divine *Shakeſpear*; which that I might perform more freely, I have diſincumber'd my ſelf from Rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my preſent purpoſe. I hope I need not to explain my ſelf, that I have not Copy'd my Author fervilely: Words and Phraſes muſt of neceſſity receive a Change in ſucceeding Ages: But 'tis almoſt a Miracle that much of his Language

remains so pure; and that he who began Dramatick Poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as *Ben Jonson* tells us, without Learning, should by the force of his own Genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no Praiſe for any who come after him. The Occaſion is fair, and the Subject would be pleaſant to handle, the difference of Stiles betwixt him and *Fletcher*, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But ſince I muſt not be over-confident of my own Performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be ſilent. Yet, I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd my ſelf throughout the Play; and particularly, that I prefer the Scene betwixt *Anthony* and *Ventidius* in the firſt Act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.

Prologue

TO

Anthony & Cleopatra.

*W*hat Flocks of Criticks hover here to day,
 As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,
 All gaping for the Carcase of a Play !
 With Croaking Notes they boad some dire Event;
 And follow dying Poets by the scent.
 Ours gives himself for gone ; you've watch'd your time ;
 He fights this day unarm'd ; without his Rhyme ;
 And brings a Tale which often has been told ;
 As sad as Dido's ; and almost as old.
 His Hero, whom you Wits his Bully call,
 Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all.
 He's somewhat lewd ; but a well-meaning Mind ;
 Weeps much ; fights little ; but is wond'rous kind.
 In short, a Pattern and Companion fit,
 For all the keeping Tonys of the Pit.
 I cou'd name more ; A Wife, and Mistrefs too ;
 Both (to be plain) too good for most of you ;
 The Wife well-natur'd, and the Mistrefs true.
 Now, Poets, if your Fame has been his care ;
 Allow him all the Candour you can spare.
 A brave Man scorns to quarrel once a day ;
 Like Hector, in at every petty Pray,
 Let those find fault whose Wit's so very small,
 They've need to show that they can think at all ;
 Errors like Straws upon the surface flow ;
 He who wou'd search for Pearls must dive below.

*Fops may have leave to level all they can;
As Pigmies wou'd be glad to lop a Man.
Half-Wits are Fleas ; so little and so light ;
We scarce cou'd know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the Rich, when tir'd with daily Feasts,
For change, become their next poor Tenants Guests ;
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale, from plain brown Bowls,
And snatch the homely Rasher from the Coals :
So you, retiring from much better Cheer,
For once, may venture to do penance here.
And since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
Whose Grapes and Peaches have Indulg'd your paste,
Take in good part from our poor Poet's board,
Such rivell'd Fruits as Winter can afford.*



M. William Shak-speare

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

	By
M arc Anthony,	Mr. Hart.
<i>Ventidius</i> , his General,	Mr. Mohun,
<i>Dolabella</i> , his Friend,	Mr. Clarke.
<i>Alexas</i> , the Queen's Eunuch,	Mr. Goodman.
<i>Serapion</i> , Priest of <i>Ifis</i> ,	Mr. Griffin.
Another Priest,	Mr. Coysh.
Servants to Anthony.	
<i>Cleopatha</i> , Queen of Egypt,	Mrs. Boutell.
<i>Octavia</i> , Anthony's Wife,	Mrs. Corey.
<i>Charmion</i> , <i>Cleopatra's</i> Maids	
<i>Iras</i> ,	
<i>Anthony's</i> two little Daughters.	

Scene *ALEXANDRIA*.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

N Ay, but this dotage of our Generals
 Ore-flowes the measure: those his goodly eyes
 That o're the Files and Mufters of the Warre,
 Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
 Now bend, now turne
 The Office and Deuotion of their view
 Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
 Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burft
 The Buckles on his breft, reneages all temper,
 And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
 To coole a Gypfies Luft.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the Trainee, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:
 Take but good note, and you fhall fee in him
 (The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
 Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and fee.

Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd

Cleo. Ile fet a bourne how farre to be belou'd.

Ant. Then muft thou needes finde out new Heauen, new Earth.

In this play, Dryden does not follow Shakespeare's text or text arrangement, sequence of scenes or of incidents, or of entrances of the characters. Except in a few scenes, no textual parallelization will be attempted here.

ACT I. SCENE, *The Temple of Ifis.**Enter Serapion, Myris, Priests of Ifis.*

Serap. **P**Ortents and Prodigies are grown so frequent,
 That they have lost their Name. Our fruitful *Nile*
 Flow'd e'er the wonted Season, with a Torrent
 So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
 That the wild Deluge overtook the haste,
 Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it: Men and Beasts
 Were born above the tops of Trees, that grew
 On th' utmost Margin of the Watermark.
 Then, with so swift an Ebb, the Flood drove backward,
 It flipt from underneath the Scaly Herd:
 Here monstrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore;
 Forfaken *Dolphins* there, with their broad Tails,
 Lay lashing the departing Waves: Hard by 'em,
 Sea-Horses floundering in the slimy Mud,
 Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Ouzes about 'em.

*Enter Alexas behind them.**Myr.* Avert these Omens, Heav'n !

Serap. Last night, between the hours of Twelve and One,
 In a lone Isle o'th'Temple, while I walk'd,
 A Whirl-wind rose, that, with a violent blast,
 Shook all the *Dome*: The Doors around me clapt,
 The Iron Wicket that defends the Vault,
 Where the long Race of *Ptolemies* is laid,
 Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead.
 From out each Monument, in order plac'd,
 An Armed Ghost starts up: The Boy-King last
 Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of Groans
 Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice
 Cry'd, *Ægypt* is no more. By blood ran back,

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the fumme.

Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthony*.

Fuluia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the scarie-bearded *Cæsar* haue not sent
His powerfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damme thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:

You must not stay heere longer, your dismissal
Is come from *Cæsar*, therefore heare it *Anthony*.
Where's *Fuluia*'s Proceffe? (*Cæsars* I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsars* homager: else to thy cheek payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fuluia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beast as Man; the Nobleneffe of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand vp Peereleffe.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood:

Why did he marry *Fuluia*, and not loue her?
Hee seeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.

Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our liues should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:

My fhaking Knees againft each other knock'd;
On the cold pavement, down I fell intranc'd,
And fo unfinifh'd left the horrid Scene.

Alexas fhew- And, Dream'd you this? or, did invent the Story,
ing himfelf. To frighten our *Ægyptian* Boys withal,
And train 'em up betimes in fear of Priesthood?

Serap. My Lord, I faw you not,
Nor meant my words fhould reach your Ears; but what
I utter'd was moft true.

Alex. A foolish Dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigefted Feafts,
And Holy Luxury.

Serap. I know my duty:
This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it fhould.
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
All Southern, from yon Hills, the *Roman* Camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatening, like a Storm
Juft breaking on our Heads.

Serap. Our faint *Ægyptians* pray for *Anthony*;
But in their Servile Hearts thy own *Octavius*.

Myr. Why then does *Anthony* dream out his hours,
And tempts not Fortune for a noble Day,
Which might redeem what *Actium* loft?

Alex. He thinks 'tis paff recovery.

Serap. Yet the Foe
Seems not to prefs the Siege.

Alex. O, there's the wonder.
Mecænas and *Agrippa*, who can moft
With *Cæfar*, are his Foes. His Wife *Octavia*,
Driv'n from his Houfe, folicités her Revenge;
And *Dolabella*, who was once his Friend,
Upon fome private grudge, now feeks his ruin:
Yet ftill War feems on either fide to fleep.

Serap. 'Tis ftrange that *Anthony*, for fome days paff,
Has not beheld the face of *Cleopatra*;
But here, in *Ifis* Temple, lives retir'd.

Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weepe: who euery paffion fully ftriues
 To make it felf (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
 No Meffenger but thine, and all alone, to night
 Wee'l wander through the ftreets, and note
 The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
 Laft night you did defire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Anthonius* priz'd fo flight

Philo. Sir fometimes when he is not *Anthony*.
 He comes too fhort of that great Property
 Which ftill fhould go with *Anthony*.

Dem. I am full forry, that hee approues the common Lyar, who thus
 ſpeakes of him at Rome; but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Rest
 you happy.

Exeunt

*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius. a Soothfayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian,
 Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.*

Char. L. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt absolute
Alexas, where's the Soothfayer that you prais'd fo to'th Queene? Oh that
 I knewe this Husband, which you fay, muſt change his Hornes with Gar-
 lands.

Alex. Soothfayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? It's you fir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Blanket quickly: Wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good fir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but forefee.

Char. Pray then, forefee me one.

Sooth. You fhall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in **fleſh**.

Iras. No, you fhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

And makes his Heart a prey to black despair.

Alex. 'Tis true: and we much fear he hopes by absence
To cure his mind of Love.

Serap. If he be vanquish'd,
Or make his peace, *Ægypt* is doom'd to be
A *Roman* Province; and our plenteous Harvest
Must then redeem the scarceness of their Soil.
While *Anthony* stood firm, our *Alexandria*
Rival'd proud *Rome* (Dominion's other Seat)
And Fortune striding, like a vast *Colossus*,
Cou'd fix an equal foot of Empire here.

Alex. Had I my wish, these Tyrants of all Nature,
Who lord it o'er Mankind, should perish, perish
Each by the others Sword; but, since our Will
Is lamely follow'd by our pow'r, we must
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

Serap. How stands the Queen affected?

Alex. O, she dotes,
She dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquish'd Man,
And winds her self about his mighty ruins;
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted Prey, to his pursuers hands,
She might preserve us all; but 'tis in vain——
This changes my Designs, this blasts my Counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her Arms
Far as the Earth's deep Center. Well you know
The state of things; no more of your ill Omens,
And black Prognosticks; labour to confirm
The peoples Hearts.

Enter Ventidius, talking aside with a Gentleman of Anthony's.

Serap. These *Romans* will o'er-hear us.
But, wh's that Stranger? By his Warlike Port,
His fierce demeanor, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. O 'tis *Ventidius*,

Alex. Vex not his prefciencie, be attentiuē.

Char. Hufh.

Sooth. You fhall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now fome excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Octanius Cæfar*, and companion me with my Miftres.

Sooth. You fhall out-liue the Lady whom you ferue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You haue feene and proued a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children fhall haue no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches muft I haue.

Sooth. If euery of your wifhes had a wombe, & foretell euery wifh, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your fheets are priuie to your wifhes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and moft of our Fortunes to night, fhall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme prefages Chaftity, if nothing els.

Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus prefageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothfay.

Char. Nay, if an oyle Palme bee not a fruitful Prognoftication, I cannot fcratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth. I haue faid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then fhe.

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you choofe it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands nofe.

Char. Our worfer thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him mary a woman that cannot go, fweet *Ifis*, I befeech thee, and let her dye too, and giue him

Our Emp'rors great Lieutenant in the East,
 Who first shew'd *Rome*, that *Parthia* could be Conquer'd.
 When *Anthony* return'd from *Syria* last,
 He left this Man to guard the *Roman* Frontiers.

Serap. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in *Cicilia* first.

When *Cleopatra* there met *Anthony*:

A mortal Foe he was to us, and *Ægypt*;

But, let me witness to the worth I hate,

A braver Roman never drew a Sword.

Firm to his Prince; but, as a Friend, not Slave.

He ne'er was of his Pleasures; but presides

O'er all his cooler Hours and morning Counsels:

In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue

Of an old true-stamp'd *Roman* lives in him.

His coming bodes I know not what of ill

To our Affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better,

And I'll acquaint you, why I fought you here,

And what's our present work.

They withdraw to a corner of the

Vent. Not see him, say you?

Stage; and Ventidius, with the

I say, I must and will.

other, comes forwards to the front.

Gent. He has commanded,

On pain of Death, none should approach his Presence.

Vent. I bring him news will raise his drooping Spirits,

Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not *Cleopatra*.

Vent. Would he had never seen her.

Gent. He Eats not, Drinks not, Sleeps not, has no use

Of any thing, but Thought; or, if he Talks,

'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect Raving:

Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;

Sometimes he gnaws his Lip, and Curfes loud

The Boy *Octavius*: Then he draws his Mouth

Into a scornful Smile, and cries, Take all,

The World's not worth my care.

Vent. Just, just his nature.

Virtue's his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow

a worfe, and let worfe follow worfe, till the worft of all follow him laughing to his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Gool *Ifis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight: good *Ifis* I beseech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddeffe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loofe-Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere *Ifis* keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hufh, heere comes *Anthony*.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine
A Romane thought hath strooke him.

Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's *Alexias?*

Alex. Heere at your seruice.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs.

Exeunt.

Messen. *Fuluia* thy Wife,

Firft came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother *Lucius?*

Messen. I: but soone that Warre had end,

And the times fteate.

Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainst *Cæsar*,

Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the first encounter draue them.

Ant. Well, what worft.

For his vast Soul; and then he starts out wide,
 And bounds into a Vice that bears him far
 From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
 But, when his danger makes him find his fault,
 Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
 He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
 Judging himself with Malice to himself,
 And not forgiving what as Man he did,
 Because his other parts are more than Man.
 He must not thus be lost. [Alexas and the Priest come forward.]

Alex. You have your full Instructions, now advance;
 Proclaim your Orders loudly.

Serap. Romans, Ægyptians, hear the Queen's Command.
 Thus *Cleopatra* bids, Let Labour cease,
 To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy day,
 That gave the World a Lord: 'Tis *Anthony's*.
 Live, *Anthony*; and *Cleopatra* live.
 Be this the general Voice sent up to Heav'n,
 And every publick Place repeat this echo.

Vent. [aside.] Fine Pageantry!

Serap. Set out before your doors
 The Images of all your Sleeping Fathers,
 With Laurels crown'd; with Laurels wreath your Posts,
 And strow with Flow'rs the Pavement; Let the Priests
 Do present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,
 And call the Gods to join with you in gladness.

Vent. Curse on the Tongue that bids this general Joy.
 Can they be friends of *Anthony*, who Revel
 When *Anthony's* in danger? Hide, for shame,
 You Romans, your Great Grandfires Images,
 For fear their Souls should animate their Marbles,
 To blush at their degenerate Progeny.

Alex. A Love which knows no bounds to *Anthony*,
 Would mark the Day with Honours; when all Heav'n
 Labour'd for him, when each propitious Star
 Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that Hour,
 And shed his better influence. Her own Birth-day

Mess. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concerns the Foole or Coward: On Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus, Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death, I heare him as he flatter'd.

Mess. *Labienus* (this is stiffe-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force.
Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering
Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil't—

Ant. *Anthony* thou would'st fay.

Mess. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:
Raile thou in *Fulvia's* phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full License, as both Truth and Malice
Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quickest windes lye still, and our illes told vs
Is as our earring: fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your Noble pleasure.

Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there,

1. *Mess.* The man from *Scicion*,
Is there such an one?

2. *Mess.* He stays vpon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:
These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,
Or loose my selfe in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you.

3. *Mess.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she

Mess. In *Scicion*, her length of sickness,
With what else more serious.
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,
That pass'd obscurely by.

Vent. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his: 'Till some remote
And future Age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other Prince, not him.

Alex. Your Emperor,
Though grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
T'upbraid my Queen for loving him too well.

Vent. Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?
He knows him not his Executioner.

O, she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love,
Led him in Golden Bands to gaudy Slaughter,
And made perdition pleasing: She has left him
The blank of what he was;

I tell thee, Eunuch, she has unman'd him:
Can any *Roman* see, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,
Unbent, unfinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his Honours,
And cramp'd within a corner of the World?

O, *Anthony!*
Thou bravest Soldier, and thou best of Friends!
Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's God!
Couldst thou but make new Worlds, so wouldst thou give 'em,
As Bounty were thy Being. Rough in Battel,
As the first *Romans*, when they went to War:
Yet, after Victory, more pitiful
Than all their Praying Virgins left at home!

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining Virtues,
His Truth to her who loves him.

Vent. Would I could not.
But, wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
Thou art her darling Mischief, her chief Engine,
Anthony's other Fate. Go, tell thy Queen,
Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her Charms.
Let your *Ægyptian* Timbrels play alone;

Antho. Forbeare me

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:
 What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,
 We wifh it ours againe. The prefent pleafure,
 By reuolution lowring, does become
 The oppofite of it felfe: fhe's good being gon,
 The hand could plucke her backe, that fhould her on.
 I muft from this enchanting Queene breake off,
 Ten thousand harmes, more than the illes I know
 My idleneffe doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus*.

Eno. What's your pleafure, Sir?

Anth. I muft with hafte from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We fee how mortall an vukind-
 neffe is to them, if they fuffer our departure death's the word.

Ant. I muft be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compelling an ocaffion, let women die. It were pittie to
 caft them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great caufe, they
 fhould be efteemed nothing. *Cleoparta* catching but the leaft noyfe of this,
 dies instantly: I haue feene her dye twenty times vppon farre poorer
 moment: I do not think there is mettle in death, which commits fome louing
 aëte vpon her, fhe hath fuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning pafst mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her paffions are made of nothing but the fineft part
 of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds and waters fighs and teares:
 They are greater ftormes and Tempefts then Almanackes can report. This
 cannot be cunning in her; if it be, fhe makes a fhovre of Raine as well as
 Loue.

Ant. Would I had neuer feene her.

Eno. Oh fir, you had then left vnfeene a wonderful peece of worke,
 which not to haue beene bleft withall, would haue difcredited your Trauaile.

Ant. *Fuluia* is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. *Fuluia* is dead.

Eno. *Fuluia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why fir, giue the Gods a thankful Sacrifice: when it pleafeth

Nor mix Effeminate Sounds with *Roman* Trumpets.

You dare not fight for *Anthony*; go Pray,

And keep your Coward's-Holy-Day in Temples. [Exeunt Alex. Serap.

Re-enter the Gentlemen of M. Anthony.

2 *Gent.* The Emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of Death, that none presume to stay.

1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him. [Going out with the other.

Vent. Well, I dare.

But, I'll observe him first unseen, and find

Which way his humour drives: I'll venture.

[Withdraws.

Enter Anthony, walking with a disturb'd Motion, before he speaks.

Anth. They tell me 'tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of fadness.

'Tis what the Day deserves, which gave me breath.

Why was I rais'd the Meteor of the World,

Hung in the Skies, and blazing as I travell'd,

'Till all my fires were spent: and then cast downward

To be trod out by *Cæsar*?

Vent. On my Soul,

[Aside

'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Anth. Count thy Gains.

Now, *Anthony*, would'st thou be born for this

Glutton of Fortune? Thy devouring Youth

Has starv'd thy wanting Age.

Vent. How Sorrow flakes him!

[Aside.

So, now the Tempest tears him up by th' Roots,

And on the ground extends the noble Ruin. [Ant. having thrown himself do

And on the ground extends the noble Ruin. [Ant. having thrown himself down

Lie there, thou shadow of an Emperor;

The place thou preffest on thy Mother-earth

Is all thy Empire now: now it contains thee;

Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,

When thou'rt contracted in the narrow Urn,

Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then *Octavia*,

(For *Cleopatra* will not live to see it)

Octavia then will have thee all her own,

And bear thee in her Widow'd hand to *Cæsar*;

their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fuluia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Consolation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water this furrow.

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you haue broach'd heere cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Answeres:

Let our Officers

Haue notice what we propose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her loue to part. For not alone
The death of *Fuluia*, with more vrgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,
Petitions vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Haue giuen the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our flippery people,
Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who nigh in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The fides o'th'world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courfers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places vnder vs, require
Our quicke remoue from hence.

Enob. I shall doo't

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cæsar will weep, the Crocodile will weep,
 To see his Rival of the Universe
 Lye still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
 Give me some Musick; look that it be sad:
 I'll footh my melancholy till I fwell,
 And burst my self with fighting——
 'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
 I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
 Live in a shady Forest's *Sylvan* Scene.
 Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted Oak,
 I lean my head upon the Mossy Bark,
 And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
 My uncomb'd Locks, matted like *Mistletoe*,
 Hang o'er my hoary Face; a murmur'ing Brook
 Runs at my foot.

[*Soft Musick.*

Vent. Methinks I fancy
 My self there too.

Ant. The Herd come jumping by me,
 And fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,
 And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.

More of this Image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

[*Soft Musick again.*

Vent. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.

[*Stands before him.*

Ant. *staring up.*] Art thou *Ventidius*?

Vent. Are you *Anthony*?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
 I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,
 And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me?

Where have you learnt that Answer? Who am I?

Vent. My Emperor; the Man I love next Heav'n:
 If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a Sin;
 Y'are all that's good and god-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:

And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen, art thou satisfied?

For, if a Friend thou hast seen me, beheld enough;

And if a Foe, too much.

Vent. weeping.] Look, Emperor, this is no common Dew.

I have not wept this Forty years; but now

My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes;

I cannot help her softness,

Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old Man, he weeps!

The big round drops course one another down

The furrows of his Cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ventidius*,

Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame,

That caus'd 'em, full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the Tears of Friends:

See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not

For my own griefs, but thine——Nay, Father.

Vent. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor! Why, that's the style of Victory.

The Conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt wounds,

Salutes his General so; but never more

Shall that sound reach my Ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. *Adium, Adium!* Oh——

Vent. It fits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of Lead by day,

And, in my short distracted nightly Slumbers,

The Hag that rides my Dreams——

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame.

I lost a Battel.

Vent. So has *Julius* done.

Ant. Thou favour'ft me, and fpeak'ft not half thou think'ft ;
For *Julius* fought it out, and loft it fairly :

But *Anthony*——

Vent. Nay, ftop not.

Ant. *Anthony*——

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a Coward fled,
Fled while his Soldiers fought ; fled firft, *Ventidius*.

Thou long'ft to curfe me, and I give thee leave.

I know thou com'ft prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee——I have been a Man, *Ventidius*.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one ; but——

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have loft my Reafon, have difgraced

The name of Soldier with inglorious eafe.

In the full Vintage of my flowing honours

Sate ftill, and faw it preft by other hands.

Fortune came fmiling to my youth, and woo'd it,

And purple greatnefs met my ripen'd years.

When firft I came to Empire, I was born

On Tides of People, crouding to my Triumphs ;

The wifh of Nations ; and the willing World

Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace ;

I was fo great, fo happy, fo beloved,

Fate could not ruin me ; 'till I took pains

And work'd againft my Fortune, chid her from me,

And turn'd her loofe ; yet ftill fhe came again.

My carelefs days, and my luxurious nights,

At length have weary'd her, and now fhe's gone.

Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Soldier,

To curfe this Madman, this induftrious Fool,

Who labour'd to be wretched : prithee curfe me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why ?

Vent. You are too fenfible already

Of what y've done, too confcious of your failings,

And, like a Scorpion, whipt by others firſt
To fury, ſting your ſelf in mad Revenge.
I would bring Balm and pour it in your Wounds,
Cure your diſtemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou would'ſt.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Vent. You Laugh.

Ant. I do, to ſee officious love
Give Cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would be loſt then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I ſay, you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have to th'utmoſt. Doſt thou think me deſperate.
Without juſt cauſe? No, when I found all loſt
Beyond repair, I hid me from the World,
And learnt to ſcorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The coſt of keeping.

Vent. *Cæſar* thinks not ſo:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like *Tully*, would you? Do,
Hold out your Throat to *Cæſar*, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill my ſelf; and ſo reſolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time ſhall ſerve;
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To Fight, to Conquer.

Ant. Sure thou Dream'ſt, *Ventidius*.

Vent. No, 'tis you Dream; you ſleep away your hours
In deſperate Sloth, miſcall'd *Philophy*.
Up, up, for Honour's ſake; twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: By painful Journies,
I led 'em patient, both of heat and hunger,
Down from the *Parthian* Marches, to the *Nile*.
'Twill do you good to ſee their Sun-burnt faces,
Their ſkar'd Cheeks and chopt Hands; there's virtue in'em,
They'll ſell thoſe mangled Limbs at dearer Rates

Than you trim Bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I faid, in lower *Syria*.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;

There may be life in thefe.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why didft thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids
To double my defpair? They're mutinous.

Vent. Moft firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not March
To fuccour me. Oh trifler!

Vent. They petition

You would make hafte to head 'em.

Ant. I'm befieg'd.

Vent. There's but one way fhut up: How came I hither?

Ant. I will not ftir.

Vent. They would perhaps defire
A better reafon.

Ant. I have never us'd
My Soldiers to demand a reafon of
My actions. Why did they refuse to March?

Vent. They faid, they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

Ant. What was't they faid.

Vent. They faid they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.
Why fhould they fight, indeed, to make her Conquer,
And make you more a Slave? to gain you Kingdoms,
Which, for a Kifs, at your next Midnight Feaft,
You'll fell to her? Then fhe new names her Jewels,
And calls this Diamond fuch or fuch a Tax,
Each Pendant in her Ear fhall be a Province.

Ant. *Ventidius*, I allow your Tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of *Cleopatra*: She deferves
More Worlds than I can lofe.

Vent. Behold, you Powers,
To whom you have intrufted Human kind;
See *Europe*, *Africk*, *Afia*, put in balance,

And all weigh'd down by one light worthless Woman !
 I think the Gods are *Anthony's*, and give,
 Like Prodigals, this nether World away
 To none but waifful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Vent. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence:
 The Men are Cowards; thou an envious Traitor;
 Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
 The burthen of thy rank o'erflowing Gall.
 O that thou wert my equal; great in Arms
 As the first *Cæsar* was, that I might kill thee
 Without a Stain to Honour!

Vent. You may kill me;
 You have done more already, call'd me Traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For showing you your self,
 Which none else durst have done; but had I been
 That name, which I disdain to speak again,
 I needed not have fought your abject Fortunes,
 Come to partake your Fate, to die with you.
 What hindred me t' have led my Conqu'ring Eagles
 To fill *Octavius's* Bands? I could have been
 A Traitor then, a glorious happy Traitor,
 And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, Soldier:
 I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false.
 Thought my old Age betray'd you; Kill me, Sir:
 Pray, kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness
 Has left your Sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
 I said it in my rage: prithee forgive me:
 Why didst thou tempt my Anger, by discovery
 Of what I would not hear.

Vent. No Prince but you
 Could merit that sincerity I us'd,

Nor durst another Man have ventur'd it ;
 But you, e'er Love mis-led your wandering Eyes,
 Were sure the chief and best of Human Race,
 Fram'd in the very pride and boast of Nature,
 So perfect, that the Gods who form'd you, wonder'd
 At their own skill, and cry'd, a lucky hit
 Has mended our design. Their envy hindered,
 Else you had been immortal, and a Pattern,
 When Heav'n would work for ostentation sake,
 To copy out again.

Ant. But *Cleopatra*——

Go on ; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my Passions ; but thou may'st :
 Thou only lov'st ; the rest have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heav'n's blessing on your heart for that kind word.
 May I believe you love me ? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [Hugging him.
 Thy praises were unjust ; but I'll deserve 'em,
 And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt ;
 Lead me to Victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And, will you leave this——

Ant. Prithee do not curse her,
 And I will leave her ; though, Heav'n knows I love
 Beyond Life, Conquest, Empire ; all, but Honour.
 But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my Royal Master.
 And shall we fight ?

Ant. I warrant thee, old Soldier,
 Thou shalt behold me once again in Iron,
 And at the head of our old Troops, that beat
 The *Parthians*, cry aloud, Come follow me.

Vent. O now I hear my Emperor ! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
 And if I have Ten Years behind, take all ;
 I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Ant. Oh *Cleopatra* !

Vent. Again?

Ant. I've done: In that last Sigh she went,
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a Lover,
 From all he holds most dear,

Vent. Methinks you breath
 Another Soul: Your looks are more Divine;
 You speak a Hero, and you move a God.

Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me; my Soul's up in Arms,
 And Mans each part about me: Once again
 That noble eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me
 That eagerness with which I darted upward
 To *Caffius's* Camp: In vain the steepy Hill
 Oppos'd my way; in vain a War of Spears
 Sung round my head; and planted all my shield:
 I won the Trenches, while my foremost Men
 Lagg'd on the Plain below.

Vent. Ye Gods, ye Gods,
 For such another honour.

Ant. Come on, my Soldier!
 Our Heart and Arms are still the same: I long
 Once more to meet our Foes; that Thou and I,
 Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
 May taste Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,
 And entering where the foremost Squadrons yield,
 Begin the noble Harvest of the Field.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Cleopatra, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. **W**HAT shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cleo. Then he would see me e'er he went to Fight:
 Flatter me not: If once he goes, he's lost:
 And all my hopes destroy'd

Alex. Does this weak passion
 Become a mighty Queen?

Cleo. I am no Queen;
Is this to be a Queen, to be besieg'd
By yon insulting *Roman*; and to wait
Each hour the Victor's Chain? These ills are small;
For *Anthony* is lost, and I can Mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, *Octavius*,
I have no more to lose; prepare thy Bands;
I'm fit to be a Captive: *Anthony*
Has taught my mind the fortune of a Slave.

Iras. Call Reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none.

And none would have: My Love's a noble Madness,
Which shows the cause deserv'd it. Moderate Sorrow
Fits vulgar Love; and for a vulgar Man;
But I have Lov'd with such transcendent Passion,
I soar'd, at first, quite out of Reason's view,
And now am lost above it—— No, I'm proud
'Tis thus, would *Anthony* could see me now;
Think you he would not sigh? Though he must leave me,
Sure he would sigh: For he is noble-natur'd,
And bears a tender heart: I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, Madam.

Cleo. Never, never, *Iras*:
He was once mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint Image of possession still.

Alex. Think him unconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.

Cleo. I cannot: if I could, those thoughts were vain;
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, tho' he be,
I still most love him.

Enter Charmion.

Now, what News my *Charmion*?
Will he be kind? And will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? Nay, do I live?
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,

Fate took the word, and then I liv'd, or dy'd.

Char. I found him, Madam——

Cleo. A long Speech preparing?

If thou bring'ft comfort, hafte and give it me;
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her Eyes had told me fo,
Before her Tongue could fpeak it: Now fhe ftudies,
To foften what he faid; but give me death,
Juft as he fent it, *Charmion*, undisguis'd,
And in the words he fpoke.

Char. I found him then
Incompafs'd round, I think, with Iron Statues,
So mute, fo motionlefs his Soldiers ftood,
While awfully he caft his Eyes about,
And ev'ry Leader's hopes or fears furvey'd:
Methought he look'd refolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.
When he beheld me ftruggling in the Croud,
He blufh'd, and bad, make way.

Alex. There's comfort yet.

Char. *Ventidius* fixt his Eyes upon my paffage,
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And fullenly gave place: I told my meffage
Juft as you gave it, broken and diforder'd;
I number'd in it all your fighs and tears,
And while I mov'd your pitiful request,
That you but only beg'd a laft farewell,
He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, figh'd, as if his heart were breaking,
But fhun'd my Eyes, and guiltily look'd down;
He feem'd not now the awful *Anthony*
Who fhook an Arm'd Affembly with his Nod,
But making fhow as he would rub his Eyes,
Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep? And, was I worth a tear?
If what thou haft to fay be not as pleafing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say, he knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;
And therefore——

Cleo. Thou wouldst say, he would not see me?

Char. And therefore beg'd you not to use a power,
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word
For *Anthony* to use to *Cleopatra*?
O that faint word, Respect! How I disdain it!
Disdain my self, for loving after it!
He should have kept that word for cold *Octavia*.
Respect is for a Wife. Am I that thing,
That dull infipid lump, without desires,
And without pow'r to give 'em?

Alex. You misjudge;
You see through Love, and that deludes your sight:
As, what is trait, seems crooked through the Water;
But I, who bear my reason undisturb'd,
Can see this *Anthony*, this dreaded Man,
A fearful Slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his Master's Eyes: If you pursue him,
My life on't, he still drags a chain along,
That needs must clog his Flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee!——

Alex. By ev'ry circumstance I know he Loves.
True, he's hard prest, by Interest and by Honour;
Yet he but doubts, and parlies, and casts out
Many a long look for succour.

Cleo. He fends word,
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?
He shows his weakness who declines the Combat;
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? To my Ears, the Message sounds
Come to my rescue, *Cleopatra*, come;
Come, free me from *Ventidius*: from my Tyrant:

See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.
 I hear his Trumpets. This way he must pass.
 Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,
 That he may bend more easily.

Cleo. You shall rule me;

But all, I fear, in vain.

[*Exit with Char. and Iras.*

Alex. I fear so too!

Though I conceal'd my thoughts, to make her bold:

But, 'tis our utmost means, and Fate befriend it.

[*Withdraws.*

Enter Lictors with Fasces; one bearing the Eagle: Then Enter

Anthony with Ventidius, follow'd by other Commanders.

Ant. *Octavius* is the Minion of blind Chance,
 But holds from Virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he courage?

Ant. But just enough to season him from Coward.

O, 'tis the coldest Youth upon a Charge,

The most deliberate fighter! If he ventures

(As in *Illyria* once they say he did

To storm a Town) 'tis when he cannot chuse,

When all the World have fixt their Eyes upon him;

And then he lives on that for seven years after,

But, at a close revenge he never fails.

Vent. I heard, you challeng'd him.

Ant. I did, *Ventidius*.

What think'st thou was his answer? 'was so tame,—

He said he had more ways than to die;

I had not.

Vent. Poor!

Ant. He has more ways than one;

But he would chuse 'em all before that one.

Vent. He first would chuse an Ague, or a Fever:

Ant. No: It must be an Ague, not a Fever;

He has not warmth enough to die by that.

Vent. Or old Age, and a Bed.

Ant. Ay, there's his choice.

He would live, like a Lamp, to the last wink,

And crawl upon the utmost verge of life:

O *Hercules*! Why should a Man like this,
 Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
 Be all the care of Heav'n? Why should he Lord it
 O'er Fourfcore thousand Men, of whom, each one
 Is braver than himself?

Vent. You conquer'd for him:

Phillippi knows it: there you shar'd with him
 That Empire, which your Sword made all your own.

Ant. Fool that I was, upon my Eagles Wings
 I bore this Wren, till I was tir'd with foaring,
 And now he mounts above me.
 Good Heav'ns, is this, is this the Man who braves me?
 Who bids my age make way: drives me before him,
 To the World's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?

Vent. Sir, we lost time; the Troops are mounted all.

Ant. Then give the word to March:
 I long to leave this Prison of a Town,
 To join thy Legions; and, in open Field,
 Once more to show my Face. Lead, my Deliverer.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Great Emperor,
 In mighty Arms renown'd above Mankind,
 But, in lost pity to the oppressed, a God:
 This Message sends the mournful *Cleopatra*
 To her departing Lord.

Vent. Smooth Sycophant!

Alex. A thousand Wishes, and ten thousand Prayers,
 Millions of Blessings wait you to the Wars,
 Millions of Sighs and Tears she sends you too,
 And would have sent
 As many dear Embraces to your Arms,
 As many parting Kisses to your Lips;
 But those, she fears, have weary'd you already.

Vent. Aside.] False Crocodile!

Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her,
 That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
 Too presuming for her low Fortune, and your ebbing Love;

That were a wish for her more prosperous days,
Her blooming Beauty, and your growing kindness.

Ant. aside.] Well, I must man it out; What would the Queen?

Alex. First, to those noble Warriors, who attend
Your daring Courage in the chase of Fame,
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her Quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own Cares and Fears, the care of you.

Vent. Yes, witness *Actium*.

Ant. Let him speak, *Ventidius*.

Alex. You, when his matchless Valour bears him forward
With Ardor too Heroick, on his Foes,
Fall down, as she would do, before his Feet;
Lye in his way, and stop the paths of Death;
Tell him, this God is not invulnerable,
That absent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her Petition,
She begs you wear these Trifles, as a Pawn,
Which at your wish'd return, she will redeem [*Gives Jewels to the Com-*
manders.

With all the Wealth of *Ægypt*:
This to the great *Ventidius* she presents,
Whom she can never count her Enemy,
Because he loves her Lord.

Vent. Tell her I'll none on't;
I'm not ashamed of honest Poverty:
Not all the Diamonds of the East can bribe
Ventidius from his Faith. I hope to see
These, and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deservedly be plac'd.

Ant. And who must wear 'em then?

Vent. The wrong'd *Octavia*.

Ant. You might have spar'd that word.

Vent. And he that Bride.

Ant. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one:
Your Slave, the Queen————

Ant. My Miftrefs.

Alex. Then your Miftrefs,
Your Miftrefs would, ſhe ſays, have ſent her Soul,
But that you had long ſince; ſhe humbly begs
This Rubby Bracelet, ſet with bleeding Hearts,
(The emblems of her own) may bind your Arm. [*Preſenting a Bracelet.*]

Vent. Now, my beſt Lord, in Honour's name I aſk you,
For Manhood's ſake, and for your own dear ſafety,
Touch not theſe poiſon'd Gifts,
Infected by the Sender, touch 'em not,
Miriads of blueſt Plagues lye underneath 'em,
And more than Aconite has dipt the Silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too Cinical, *Ventidius*.
A Lady's Favours may be worn with Honour.
What, to reſuſe her Bracelet! On my Soul,
When I lye penſive in my Tent alone,
'Twill paſs the wakeful hours of Winter nights,
To tell theſe pretty Beads upon my Arm,
To count for every one a ſoft Embrace,
A melting Kiſs at ſuch and ſuch a time;
And now and then the fury of her Love.
When—And what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none, my Lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis paſt for ever.

Ant. going We Soldiers are ſo awkward—help me
to tie it. tie it.

Alex. In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers are too awkward
In theſe Affairs: ſo are all Men indeed;
Ev'n I, who am not one. But ſhall I ſpeak?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my Lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tie it; ſhe, who ſent it, can.

Vent. Hell! Death! this Eunuch Pander ruins you.
You will not ſee her? [*Alexas whiſpers an Attendant, who goes out.*]

Ant. But to take my leave.

Vent. Then I have waſh'd an *Æthiope*. Y're undone;
Y're in the Toils; y'are taken; y'are deſtroy'd:

Her Eyes do *Cæsar's* Work.

Ant. You fear too soon.

I'm constant to my self: I know my strength;
And yet she shall not think me barbarous, neither,
Born in the depths of *Africk*: I'm a *Roman*,
Bred to the Rules of soft Humanity.
A Guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Vent. You do not know

How weak you are to her, how much an Infant:
You are not proof against a Smile or Glance;
A Sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes!

Now you shall find your error. Gods, I thank you:
I form'd the danger greater than it was,
And, now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion and Iras.

Ant. Well, Madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a Meeting?

Then we must part?

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cleo. We make those Fates our selves.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other
Into our mutual Ruin.

Cleo. The Gods have seen my Joys with envious Eyes;
I have no Friends in Heav'n; and all the World
(As 'twere the business of Mankind to part us)
Is arm'd against my Love: Ev'n you your self
Join with the rest; you, you are arm'd against me.

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do
To late Poverty, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a Lye
With any Truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else, favour me with silence.

Cleo. See where he is,
 Whose with him, what he does:
 I did not fend you. If you finde him fad,
 Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report
 That I am fodaine ficke. Quicke, and returne.

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly,
 You do not hold the method, to enforce
 The like from him

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbear,
 In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony*.

Cleo. I am ficke, and fullen.

An. I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,
 It cannot be thus long, the fides of Nature
 Will not sustaine it.

Ant. Now my dearest *Queene*.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from mee.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye ther's some good news.
 What faves the married woman you may goe?
 Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.
 Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,
 I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh neuer was there *Queene*
 So mightily betrayed: yet at the fift
 I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
 (Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)
 Who haue been false to *Fulvia*?
 Riotous madnesse,

Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Vent. I like this well: He shews Authority.

Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone——

Cleo. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your silence, and you break it
E'er I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in *Ægypt*,
E'er *Cæsar* saw your Eyes, you gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I fetled
Your Father in his Throne was for your sake.
I left the acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stept in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green Fruit, e'er the first blush of Red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my Lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to Rival,
But, I deserv'd first, though he enjoy'd you.
When, after, I beheld you in *Clicia*,
An Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd my self——

Ant. Again you break your Promise.
I lov'd you still; and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my Bosom, stain'd by *Cæsar*,
And not half mine: I went to *Ægypt* with you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the World,
Shut out enquiring Nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.

Vent. Yes, to your shame be't spoken.

[*Afide*

Ant. How I lov'd
Witness ye Days and Nights, and all you Hours,
That Danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my Passion.
One day past by, and nothing saw but Love;
Another came, and still 'twas only Love:
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,
Which breake themselves in fwearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:
When you fued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,
But was a race of Heauen.. They all so still,
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Here me Queene:

The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Seruicles a-while: but my full heart
Remaines in vse with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domesticke powers,
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength
Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
Into the hearts of such, as have not thrived
Vpon the present state, whose numbers threaten,
And quiteneffe growne sicke of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is *Fuluia*s death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not giue me freedom
It does from childishnesse. Can *Fuluia* dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.

Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read
The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best,
See when, and where shee died.

And I untir'd with Loving,
 I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
 And ev'ry day was still but as the first:
 So eager was I still to see you more.

Vent. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. *Fulvia*, my Wife, grew jealous,
 As she indeed had reason; rais'd a War
 In *Italy*, to call me back.

Vent. But yet
 You went not.

Ant. While within your Arms I lay,
 The World fell mouldering from my Hands each Hour,
 And left me scarce a grasp (I thank your Love for't.)

Vent. Well puff'd: That last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a falsehood, yes; else not.
 Your silence says I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;

(Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness dy'd.)

To set the World at Peace, I took *Octavia*,
 This *Cæsar's* Sister; in her pride of Youth,
 And flow'r of Beauty, did I wed that Lady,
 Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.

You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal Summons:
 This rais'd the *Roman* Arms; the Cause was yours,
 I would have fought by Land, where I was stronger;
 You hinder'd it: yet, when I fought at Sea,
 Forsook me fighting; and (Oh stain to Honour!
 Oh lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;
 But fled to follow you.

Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple Sails,
 And to appear magnificent in flight,
 Drew half our strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd,
 And would you multiply more ruins on me?
 This honest Man, my best, my only Friend,
 Has gather'd up the Shipwreck of my Fortunes;
 Twelve Legions I have left, my last Recruits,

Cleo. O most false Loue!

Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,
In *Fulvius* death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,
As you shall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus flime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queene forbear,
And give true evidence to his Loue, which stands
An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diffembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood no more?

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. Ile leave you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir you and I have lov'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my Oblivion is a very *Anthony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty

And you have watch'd the news, and bring your Eyes
To feize them too. If you have ought to answer, .
Now I speak, you have free leave.

Alex. aside.] She stands confounded :
Despair is in her Eyes.

Vent. Now lay a figh i'th' way, to stop his passage :
Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions ;
'Tis like they shall be fold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my Judge,
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The Love you bore me for my Advocate?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me ;
For Love once past, is, at the best, forgotten ;
But oftner fours to Hate : 'Twill please my Lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow searching Eyes,
Into my faults ; severe to my destruction ;
And watching all advantages with care,
That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my Lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage.
Was it like you to give it?

Ant. O you wrong me,
To think I fought this parting, or desir'd
To accuse you more than what will clear my self,
And justify this breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you.
And since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Vent. After this
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleo. You seem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæsar* first
Enjoy'd my love, though you deserv'd it better :
I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you ;
For, had I first been yours, it would have fav'd
My second choice : I never had been his,

Holds Idleneffe your fubiect, I fhould take you
For Idleneffe it felfe.

Cleo. 'Tis fweating Labour,
To beare fuch Idleneffe fo neere the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword.
Sit Lawrell victory, and fmooth fucceffe
Be ftrew'd before your feete.

Ant. Let's vs go.

Come: Our feparation fo abides and flies,
That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away.

Exeunt.

Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus, and their Traine.

Cæf. You may fee *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæfars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He filhes, drinks, and waftes
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
Or vouchsafte to think he had Partners. You
Shall find there a man, who is th' abftracts of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I muft not thinke
There are, euils enow to darken all his goodneffe:
His faults in him, feeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More fierie by nights Blackneffe; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchafte: what he cannot change,
Then what he chofes.

Cæf. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amiffe to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*.

And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cæsar* first,
 You say, possess'd my Love. Not so, my Lord;
 He first possess'd my Person; you my Love:
Cæsar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Anthony*.

If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
 I judg'd it due to the first name of Men;
 And half constrain'd, I gave, as to a Tyrant,
 What he would take by force.

Vent. O Syren! Syren!

Yet grant that all the Love she boasts were true,
 Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
 The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence indeed,
 For I dare challenge him, my greatest Foe,
 To say it was design'd: 'Tis true I lov'd you.
 And kept you far from an uneasy Wife,
 (Such *Fulvia* was)
 Yes, but he'll say, you left *Octavia* for me;—
 And, can you blame me to receive that love,
 Which quitted such desert, for worthless me?
 How often have I wish'd some other *Cæsar*,
 Great as the first, and as the second young,
 Would court my Love, to be refus'd for you!

Vent. Words, words; but *Antium*, Sir, remember *Antium*.

Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his Malice. True, I Counsell'd
 To fight at Sea; but I betray'd you not.
 I fled; but not to the Enemy. 'Twas fear;
 Would I had been a Man, not to have fear'd,
 For none would then have envy'd me your Friendship,
 Who envy me your Love.

Ant. We're both unhappy:

If nothing else, yet our fortune parts us.
 Speak; would you have me perish, by my stay?

Cleo. If as a Friend you ask my Judgment, go;
 If as a Lover, stay. If you must perish:
 'Tis a hard word; but stay.

Vent. See now th' effects of her so boasted love!

To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to fit
 And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
 To reele the Streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
 With knaues that smels of sweate: Say this becoms him
 (As his compofure muft be rare indeed,
 Whom thefe things cannot blemifh) yet muft *Anthony*
 No way excufe his foyles, when we do beare
 So great waight in his lightneffe. If he fill'd
 His vacancie with his Voluptuoufneffe,
 Full fuffets, and the drineffe of his bones,
 Call on him for't. But to confound fuch time,
 That drummes him from his fport, and fpeakes as lowd
 As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
 As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
 Pawne their experience to their prefent pleafure
 And fo rebell to iudgement.

Enter a Meffenger.

Lep. Here's more newes.

Mej. Thy bidding haue beene done, & euerie houre
 Moft Noble *Cæfar*, fhalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ftrong at Sea,
 And it appeares, he is belou'd of thofe
 That only haue feared *Cæsar*: to the Ports
 The difcontents repaire, and mens reports
 Giue him much wrong'd.

Cæf. I fhould haue knowne no leffe,
 It hath bin taught vs from the primall ftate
 That he which is was wifht, vntil he were:
 And the ebb'd man,
 Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
 Come fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
 Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,
 Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde
 To rot it felfe with motion.

Mej. *Cæsar* I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
 Makes the Sea ferue them, which they eare and wound

She strives to drag you down to ruin with her :
 But, could she 'scape without you, oh how soon
 Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
 And never look behind !

Cleo. Then judge my Love by this. [Giving Anthony a Writing.
 Could I have born

A life or death, a happiness or woe
 From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.

Ant. By *Hercules*, the Writing of *Octavius* !
 I know it well ; 'tis that prescribing hand,
 Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
 And left me but the second place in Murder.—
 See, see, *Ventidius* ! Here he offers *Ægypt*,
 And joins all *Syria* to it as a present,
 So, in requittal, she forsake my Fortunes,
 And join her Arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me !
 You leave me, *Anthony* ; and yet I love you :
 Indeed I do ; I have refus'd a Kingdom,
 That's a Trifle :
 For I could part with life, with any thing,
 But only you. O let me die, but with you ;
 Is that a hard request ?

Ant. Next living with you.
 'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

Alex. aside.] He melts ; We conquer.

Cleo. No : You shall go : Your Int'rest calls you hence ;
 Yes, your dear Interest pulls too strong, for these
 Weak Arms to hold you here——

[Takes his hand.

Go ; leave me Soldier ;
 (For you're no more a Lover :) Leave me dying.
 Puth me all pale and panting from your Bosom,
 And when your March begins, let one run after,
 Breathless almost for Joy ; and cry, She's dead :
 The Soldiers shout ; you then perhaps may fight,
 And muster all your *Roman* Gravity ;
Ventidius chides ; and trait your Brow clears up

With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
 They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
 Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flūsh youth reuolt,
 No Veffell can peepe forth: but 'tis as foone
 Taken as feene: for *Pompeyes* name strikes more.
 Then could his Warre refifted.

Cæsar. Anthony.

Leaue thy lasciuious Vaffailes. When thou once
 Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou flew'it
Hirsius, and *Paufa* Consuls, at they heele
 Did Famine follow, whom though fought'ft againft,
 (Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
 Then Sauages could fuffer. Thou did'ft drinke
 The itale of Horfes, and the gilded Puddle
 Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the did daine
 The roughest Berry, on the rudeft Hedge.
 Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture fheets,
 The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
 It is reported thou did'ft eate strange flefh.
 Which fome did dye to looke on: And all this
 (If wounds thine Honor that I fpeake it now)
 Was borne fo like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pitty of him.

Cæf. Let his fhames quickly
 Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
 Did fhew our felues i'th Field, and to that end
 Affemble me immediate counfell, *Pompey*
 Thriues in our Idleneffe.

Lep. To morrow *Cæsar*,
 I fhall be furnisht to informe you rightly
 Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
 To front this prefent time.

Cæf. Til which encounter, it is my bufines too, Farwell.

Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you fhall know mean time
 Of ftirres abroad, I fhall befeech you Sir
 To let me be partaker.

As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for Man to bear.

Cleo. What is't for me then,

A weak forsaken Woman, and a Lover?—

Here let me breath my last: Envy me not
This minute in your Arms; I'll die apace,
As fast as e'er I can; and end your trouble.

Ant. Die! Rather let me perish: loos'n'd Nature
Leap from its hinges: Sink the props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to crush the nether World.
My Eyes! my Soul! my all!—

[*Embraces her.*]

Vent. And what's this Toy

In balance with your Fortune, Honour, Fame?

Ant. What is't, *Ventidius*? It out-weighs 'em all;
Why, we have more than Conquer'd *Cæsar* now:
My Queen's not only Innocent, but Loves me.
This, this is she who drags me down to ruin!
But could she 'scape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!

Down on thy knees, Blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wrong'd Innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! Whither? Go from all that's excellent!
Faith, Honour, Virtue, all good things forbid
That I should go from her, who sets my love
Above the price of Kingdoms. Give, you Gods,
Give to your Boy, your *Cæsar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This Gew-gaw World, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. She's wholly yours. My Heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of Love in publick; and the foolish World,
Which knows not Tendernefs, will think me Mad.

Vent. O Women! Women! All the Gods
Have not such pow'r of doing good to Man,

Cæsar. Doubt not fir, I knew it for my Bond.

Exeunt

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. *Charmian.*

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragoru*.

Char. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might fleepe out this great gap of time:

My *Anthony* is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not fo.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardain*?

Mar. What's your Highneffe pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure

In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,

That being vnseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

May not flye forth of Egypt. Haft thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing

But what in deede is honest to be done:

Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*:

Were think'ft thou he is now? Stands he, or fits he?

Or does he walke? O Is he on his Horse?

Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony*!

Do brauely Horse, for wot'ft thou whom thou moou'ft,

The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme

And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,

Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,

(For so he cals me:) Now I feede my selfe

With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me

That am with Phœbus amorous pinches blacke,

And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,

When thou was't heere about the ground, I was

A morfell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*

As you of doing harm.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Our Men are Arm'd.

Unbar the Gate that looks to *Cæfar's* Camp;

I would revenge the Treachery he meant me:

And long security makes Conquest eafie

Im eager to return before I go;

For, all the pleasures I have known, beat thick

On my remembrance: How I long for Night!

That both the fweets of mutual Love may try,

And once Triumph o'er *Cæfar* e'er we die.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

At one door, Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras Alexas and a Train of Ægyptians: At the other, Anthony and Romans. The entrance on both fides is prepar'd by Mufick; the Trumpets first foundng on Anthony's part: Then answer'd by Timbrels, &c. on Cleopatra's. Charmion and Iras hold a Laurel Wreath betwixt them. A Dance of Ægyptians. After the Ceremony, Cleopatra Crowns Anthony.

Ant. I Thought how thofe white Arms would fold me in,
And ftrain me close, and melt me into Love;
So pleas'd with that fweet Image, I fprung forwards,
And added all my ftrength to every blow.

Cleo. Come to me, come my Soldier, to my Arms,
You've have been too long away from my Embraces;
But, when I have you faft, and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and with amorous fighs,
I'll fay, you were unkind, and punifh you,
And mark you red with many an eager kifs.

Ant. My brighter *Venus*!

Cleo. O my greater *Mars*!

Ant. Thou jointft us well, my Love!
Suppofe me come from the *Phlegrean* Plains,
Where gafping Gyants lay, cleft by my Sword;
And Mountain tops par'd off each other blow,
To bury thofe I flew: receive me, Goddefs:

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
 There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye
 With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Cæsar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony?*
 Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
 With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthonie?*

Alex. Laft thing he did (deere Queene)
 He kift the laft of many doubled kiffes
 This Orient Pearle. His ſpeech ftickes in my heart.

Cleo. Mine eare muſt plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:
 Say the firme Roman to great Egypt ſends
 This treasure of an Oyſter: at whoſe foote
 To mend the petty preſent, I will peece
 Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Eaſt,
 (Say thou) ſhall call her Miſtris. So he nodded,
 And ſoberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
 Who neigh'd ſo hye, that what I would haue ſpoke,
 Was beaſtly dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he ſad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th'year, between y^e extremes
 Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well diuided diſpoſion: Note him,
 Note him good charmain, tis the man; but note him.
 He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
 That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
 Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.
 Oh heauenly mingle! Bee'ſt thou ſad, or merrie,
 The violence of either thee becomes,
 So do's it no mans elſe. Met'ſt thou my Poſts?

Alex. I Madam, twenty ſeuerall Meſſengers.
 Why do you ſend ſo thicke?

Let *Cæſar* ſpread his ſubtle Nets, like *Vulcan*,
 In thy Embraces I would be beheld
 By Heav'n and Earth at once :
 And make their envy what they meant their ſport.
 Let thoſe who took us bluſh ; I would love on
 With awful State, regardleſs of their frowns,
 As their ſuperior God.
 There's no ſatiety of Love in thee ;
 Enjoy'd, thou ſtill art new ; perpetual Spring
 Is in thy Arms ; the ripen'd fruit but falls,
 And bloſſoms riſe to fill its empty place ;
 And I grow rich by giving.

Enter Ventidius, and ſtands apart.

Alex. O, now the danger's paſt, your General's come.
 He joins not in your Joys, nor minds your Triumphs ;
 But, with contracted brows, looks frowning on,
 As envying your Succeſs.

Ant. Now, on my Soul, he loves me ; truly loves me ;
 He never flatter'd me in any vice,
 But awes me with his virtue ; ev'n this minute
 Methinks he has a right of chiding me.
 Lead to the Temple : I'll avoid his preſence ;
 It checks too ſtrong upon me.

[Exeunt the reſt.]

As Anthony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the Robe.

Vent. Emperor.

Ant. look- 'Tis the old Argument ; I pr'y thee ſpare me.
ing back. *Vent.* But this one hearing, Emperor.

Ant. Let go

My Robe ; or, by my Father *Hercules*——

Vent. By *Hercules* his Father, that's yet greater,
 I bring you ſomewhat you would wiſh to know.

Ant. Thou ſee'ſt we are obſerv'd ; attend me here,
 And I'll return.

[Exit.]

Vent. I'm waining in his favour, yet I love him ;
 I love this Man, who runs to meet his ruin ;
 And, ſure the Gods, like me, are fond of him :
 His Virtues lye ſo mingled with his Crimes,

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to fend to *Anthonie*. fhall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmian*. Welcome my good *Alexas* Did I *Charmian*, euer loue *Cæsar* fo.

Char. Oh that braue *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Be choak'd with fuch another Emphafis.
Say the braue *Anthony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæsar*.

Cleo. By Ifis, I will giue thee bloody teeth.
If thou with *Cæsar* Parago nagaine:
My man of men.

Char. By your moft gracious pardon,
I fing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
To say, as I faide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,
he fhall haue euery day a feuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeople Egypt. *.Exeunt.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great Gods be iuft, they fhall affift
The deeds of iufteft men.

Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are futors to their Throne, decayes the thing we fue
for.

Mene. We ignorant of our felues,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wife Powres
Deny vs for our good: fo find we profit
By loofing of our Prayers.

Pom. I fhall do well:
The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Creffent, and my Auguring hope
Sayes it will come to'th'full. *Marke Anthony*
In Egypt fits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. *Cæsar* gets money where
He loofes heart: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,

And would confound their choice to punish one,
And not reward the other.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. We can conquer,
You see, without your Aid,
We have dislodg'd their Troops,
They look at us at distance, and like Curs
Scap'd from the Lions paws, they bay far off,
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten War.
Five thousand *Romans*, with their faces upward,
Lye breathless on the Plain.

Vent. 'Tis well: And he
Who lost 'em, could have spar'd Ten thousand more.
Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain
An easier Peace, while *Cæsar* doubts the Chance
Of Arms;——

Ant. O think not on't, *Ventidius*;
The Boy pursues my ruin, he'll no peace:
His malice is confederate in advantage;
O, he's the coolest Murderer! so stanch,
He kills, and keeps his Temper.

Vent. Have you no Friend
In all his Army, who has power to move him?
Mecænas, or *Agrippa* might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in *Cæsar's* interests.
We'll work it out by dint of Sword, or perith.

Vent. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy Love.
Some four or five such Victories as this,
Will save thy farther pains.

Vent. Expect no more; *Cæsar* is on his Guard:
I know, Sir, you have conquer'd against odds;
But still you draw Supplies from one poor Town,
And of *Ægyptians*: He has all the World,
And, at his beck, Nations come pouring in,
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from my self, to search

A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Siluius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for *Anthony*s but all the charmes of Loue,
Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,
Let Witchcraft ioyn with Beauty, Lust with both,
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloyleffe fawce his Appetite,
That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Euen till a Lethied dulneffe——

Enter Varrinus.

How now *Varrinus*?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:
Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther Trauaile.

Pom. I could haue giuen lesse matter
A better eare. *Menas*, I did not thinke
This amorous Surfetter would haue donn'd his Helme
For such a petty Warre: His Souldierfhip
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Lust-wearied *Anthony*.

Mene. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Anthony* shall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did treaspaffes to *Cæsar*,
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke
Not mou'd by *Anthony*.

Pom. I know not *Menas*,
How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,
Were't not that we stand vp against them all:
'Twer pregnant they should square between themselues,
For they haue entertained cause enough
To draw their fwords: but how the feare of vs

For Foreign Aids? To hunt my memory;
 And rang all o'er a waste and barren place
 To find a Friend? The wretched have no Friends——
 Yet I had one, the bravest Youth of *Rome*,
 Whom *Cæsar* loves beyond the Love of Women;
 He could resolve his mind, as Fire does Wax,
 From that hard rugged Image, melt him down,
 And mould him in what softer form he pleas'd.

Vent. Him would I see: that Man of all the World:
 Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov'd me too.

I was his Soul; he liv'd not but in me:
 We were so clos'd within each others Breasts,
 The Rivets were not found that join'd us first,
 That does not reach us yet: We were so mixt,
 As meeting streams, both to our selves were lost;
 We were one Mass; we could not give or take,
 But from the same; for he was I, I he.

Vent. aside.] He moves as I would wish him.

Ant. After this,

I need not tell his Name: 'Twas *Dolabella*.

Vent. He's now in *Cæsar's* Camp.

Ant. No matter where,

Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
 That I forbid him *Cleopatra's* fight;
 Because I fear'd he lov'd her: He confess'd
 He had a warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled;
 For 'twere impossible that two, so one,
 Should not have lov'd the same. When he departed,
 He took no leave; and that confirm'd my thoughts.

Vent. It argues that he lov'd you more than her,
 Else had he staid; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
 And would not grieve his Friend: I know he loves you.

Ant. I should have seen him then e'er now.

Vent. Perhaps

He has thus long been lab'ring for your Peace.

Ant. Would he were here.

May Cement their diuifions, and binde vp
 The petty difference, we yet not know:
 Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands
 Our lives vpon, to vse our strongest hands
 Come *Menas*.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
 To soft and gentle speech.

Enob. I shall intreat him
 To answer like himselfe: if *Cæsar* moue him,
 Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Cæsars* head,
 And speake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,
 Were I the wearer of *Anthonio's* Beard,
 I would not shaue't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking.

Eno. Every time serues for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must giue way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre
 No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well heere, to Parthia:
 Hearke *Ventidius*.

Cæsar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble Friends:

That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not
 A learned action rend vs. What's amisse,
 May it be gently heard. When we debate
 Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit
 Murthur in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
 The rather for I earnestly beseech,
 Touch you the lowrest points with sweetest tearmes,
 Nor curstnesse grow to'th'matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:

Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you?
 I read your Answer in your Eyes; you would.
 Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
 A Messenger from *Cæsar's* Camp, with Letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Vent. I'll bring him instantly.

[*Exit Ventidius, and Re-enters immediately with Dolabella.*]

Ant. 'Tis he himself, himself, by holy Friendship! [*Runs to embrace him.*]
 Art thou return'd at last, my better half?
 Come, give me all my self.
 Let me not live,
 If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,
 Was ever half so fond.

Dola. I must be silent; for my Soul is busy
 About a noble Work: she's new come home,
 Like a long absent Man, and wanders o'er
 Each Room, a Stranger to her own, to look
 If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me,
 For I am now so sunk from what I was,
 Thou find'st me at my lowest Water-mark.
 The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,
 Are all dry'd up, or take another course:
 What I have left is from my native Spring;
 I've still a Heart that swells, in scorn of Fate,
 And lifts me to my Banks.

Dola. Still you are Lord of all the World to me.

Ant. Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.
 If I had any Joy when thou wert absent,
 I grudg'd it to my self; methought I robb'd
 Thee of thy part. But, Oh my *Dolabella*!
 Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
 Hast thou not seen my morning Chambers fill'd
 With Scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute me:
 With Eastern Monarchs; who forgot the Sun,
 To worship my uprising? Menial Kings
 Run courting up and down my Palace-yard,

Where we before our Armies, and to fight,
I fhould do thus.

Flourish.

Cæf. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Cæf. Sit.

Ant. Sit fir.

Cæf. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not fo:
Or being, concerne you not.

Cæf. I muft be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should fay my felfe offended, and with you
Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I fhould
Once name you derogately: when to found your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt *Cæfar*, what was't to you?

Cæf. No more then my reciding heere at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practice on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my queftion.

Ant. How intend you, practic'd?

Cæf. You may be pleaf'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres vpon me, and their conteftation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do miftake your bufines, my Brother neuer
Did vrge me in his Aët: I did inquire it,
And haue my Learning from fome true reports
That drew their fwords with you, did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike againft my ftomacke,
Hauing alike your caufe. Of this, my Letters
Before did fatiffie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you haue to make it with,
It muft not be with this.

Cæf. You praife your felfe, by laying defects of iudgement to me: but
you patcht vp your excufes.

Anth. Not fo, not fo:

I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
 Very neceffity of this thought, that I
 Your Partner in the caufe 'gainst which he fought,
 Could not with gracefull eyes attend thofe Warres
 Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
 I would you had her fpirit, in fuch another,
 The third oth'world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
 You may pace eafie, but not fuch a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all fuch wiues, that the men might go to Warres with the women.

Anth. So much vncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cæfar*)
 Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
 Shrodeneffe of policie to: I greeuing grant,
 Did you too much difquiet, for that you muft,
 But fay I could not helpe it.

Cæfar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
 Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts
 Did gibe my Mifiue out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:
 Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 Of what I was i'th'morning: but next day
 I told him of my felfe, which was as much
 As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
 Be nothing of our ftrife: if we contend
 Out of our queftion wipe him.

Cæfar. You haue broken the Article of your oath which you fhall neuer
 haue tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Cæfar*.

Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him fpeake.
 The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
 Supposing that I lackt it: but on *Cæfar*,
 The Article of my oath.

Cæfar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you
 both denied.

Anth. Neglected rather:
 And then when poyfoned houres had bound me vp
 From mine owne knowledgef as neerely as I may,

Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
 Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power
 Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fuluia*,
 To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
 For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do
 So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
 To stoope in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Noble spoken.

Mece. If it might please you, to enforce no further
 The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
 Were to remember: that the present neede,
 Speaks to attone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken *Mecenas*.

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the instant, you man
 when you heare no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe: you shall haue
 time to wrangle in, when you haue nothing else to do.

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

Enob. That trueth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Anth. You wrong this preface, therefore speake no more.

Enob. Go too then: your Conferate ston.

Cæsar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
 The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,
 We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
 So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
 What Hooke should hold vs staunch from edge to edge
 Ath'world: I would pursue it.

Agri. Giue me leaue *Cæsar*.

Cæsar. Speake *Agrippa*.

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd *Octauia*? Great
Mark Anthony is now a widdower.

Cæsar. Say not, say *Agrippa*; if *Cleopater* heard you, your prooffe were
 well deserued of rashnesse.

Anth. I am not marryed *Cæsar*: let me heere *Agrippa* further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall ami tie,
 To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
 With an vn-flipping knot, take *Anthony*,
Octauia to his wife: whose beauty claimes

No worfe a husband then the beft of men: whofe
 Vertue, and whofe generall graces, fpeake
 That which none elfe can vtter. By this marriage,
 All little Ieloufies which now feeme great,
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
 Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,
 Would each to other, and all loues to both
 Draw after her. Pardon what I haue fpoke,
 For 'tis a studied not a prefent thought,
 By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Cæfar* fpeake?

Cæfar. Not till he hears how *Anthony* is toucht,
 With what is fpoke already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
 If I would fay *Agrippa*, be it fo,
 To make this good?

Cæfar. The power of *Cæfar*,
 And his power, vnto *Octauia*.

Anth. May I neuer
 (To this good purpofe, that fo fairely fhewes)
 Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand
 Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
 The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
 And fway our great defignes.

Cæfar. There's my hand:
 A Sifter I bequeathe you, whom no Brother
 Did euer loue fo deerely. Let her liue
 To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
 Flie off our Loues againe.

Lepi. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainft *Pompey*,
 For he hath laid ftrange courtesies, and great
 Of late upon me. I muft thanke him onely,
 Leaft my remembrance, fuffer ill report:
 At heele of that, defie him.

Lepi. Time cal's vpon's,

Of vs muſt *Pompey* preſently be fought,
Or elſe he ſeekes out vs.

Anth. Where lies he?

Cæſar. About the Mount-Mefena.

Anth. What is his ſtrength by land?

Cæſar. Great, and encreaſing:

But by Sea he is an abſolute Maſter.

Anth. So is the Fame,

Would we had ſpoke together. Haſt we for it,
Yet ere we put our ſelues in Armes, diſpatch we
The buſineſſe we haue talkt of.

Cæſar. With moſt gladneſſe,

And do inuite you to by Sifters view,

Whether ſtraight Ile lead you.

Anth. Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not ſickeneſſe ſhould detaine me.

Flouriſh. Exit omnes.

Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt* Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My honourable Friend
Agrippa.

Agri. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mece. We haue cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well diſgeſted: you
ſtaid well by't in *Egypt*.

Enob. I Sir, we did ſleepe day out of countenance: and made the night
light with drinking.

Mece. Eight Wilde-Boares roſted whole at a breakfast: and but twelue
perſons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monſtrous
matter of Feaſt, which worthily deſerued nothing.

Mecenas. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Enob. When ſhe firſt met *Marke Anthony*, ſhe purſt vp his heart vpon the
Riuer of *Sidnis*.

Agri. There ſhe appear'd indeed: or my reporter deuſ'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you,

The Barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſht Thorne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,

Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that
 The Windes were Loue-ficke.
 With them the Owers were Siluer,
 Which to the tune of Flutes kept ftroke, and made
 The water which they beate, to follow faster;
 As amorous of their ftrokes. For her owne perfon,
 It begged all difcription, fhe did lye
 In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiffue,
 O're-pic'turing that Venns, where we fee
 The fancie out-worke Nature. On each fide her,
 Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like fmiling Cupids,
 With diuers colour'd Fannes whofe winde did feeme,
 To glove the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
 And what they vndid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
 So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
 And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.
 A feeming Mer-maide fteeres: The Silken Tackle,
 Swell with the touches of thofe Flower-foft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
 A ftange inuifible perfume hits the fenfe
 Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty caft
 Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
 Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did fit alone.
 Whifling to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie,
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
 And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egiptian.

Eno. Vpon her landing, *Anthony* fent to her,
 Inuited her to Supper: fhe replied,
 It fhould be better, he became her gueft:
 Which fhe entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
 Whom nere the word of no woman hard fpeake,
 Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feaft;
 And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
 For what his eyes eate onely.

Stood filent in my Prefence, watch'd my Eyes,
And, at my leaft Command, all ftarted out
Like Racers to the Goal.

Dola. Slaves to your Fortune.

Ant. Fortune is *Cæfar's* now ; and what am I ?

Vent. What you have made your felf ; I will not flatter.

Ant. Is this Friendly done ?

Dola. Yes, when his end is fo, I muft join with him ;
Indeed I muft, and yet you muft not chide :
Why I am elfe your Friend ?

Ant. Take heed, young Man,
How thou upbraid'ft my Love : The Queen has Eyes,
And thou too haft a Soul. Can'ft thou remember
When, fwel'd with hatred, thou beheld'ft her firft,
As Aceffary to thy Brother's Death ?

Dola. Spare my Remembrance ; 'twas a guilty day,
And ftill the Blufh hangs here.

Ant. To clear her felf,
For fending him no Aid, fhe came from *Ægypt*.
Her Gally down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,
The Gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails :
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch, were plac'd ;
Where fhe, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.

Dola. No more : I would not hear it.

Ant. O, you muft !

She lay, and leant her Cheek upon her Hand,
And caft a Look fo languifhingly fweet,
As if, fecure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting fhe could take 'em : Boys, like *Cupids*,
Sood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds
That plaid about her Face : But if fhe fmil'd,
A darting Glory feem'd to blaze abroad :
That Mens defiring Eyes were never weary'd ;
But hung upon the Object : To foft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept Time ; and while they plaid,
The Hearing gave new Pleafure to the Sight ;

Agri. Royall Wench :

She made great *Cæsar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her oncè.

Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete,
And hauing loft her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathlesse powre breath forth.

Mece. Now *Anthony*, must leaue her vtterly.

Eno. Neuer he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselues in her, that the holy Priests
Blesse her, when she is Riggish.

Mece. If Beauty, Wifedome, Modesty, can sett le
The heart of *Anthony*: *Octauia* is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your selfe my guest, whilst you
abide heerè.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you.

Exeunt

Enter Anthony, Cæsar, Octauia betw eene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes deuide me from your bosome.

Octa. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall bowe my prayers to
them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Octauia*.
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I haue not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done byth'Rule : good night deere Lady :
Good night Sir.

Cæsar. Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter Soothsaier.

Anth. Now firrah: you do wish your selfe in Egypt?

And both to Thought: 'Twas Heav'n or somewhat more;
 For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
 Stood panting on the shore, and wanted Breath
 To give their welcome Voice.

Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy Soul?
 Was not thy Fury quite disarm'd with Wonder?
 Didst thou not shrink behind me from those Eyes;
 And whisper in my Ears; Oh, tell her not
 That I accus'd her with my Brother's Death!

Dola. And should my Weakness be a Plea for yours?
 Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd,
 When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
 Made it a Debt to Nature. Yours——

Vent. Speak boldly.
 Yours, he would say, in your declining Age,
 When no more Heat was left but what you forc'd;
 When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk,
 When it went down, then you constrain'd the Course,
 And robb'd from Nature, to supply Desire;
 In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
 But 'tis plain Dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dola. 'Twas urg'd too home.
 But yet the loss was private that I made;
 'Twas but my self I lost: I lost no Legions;
 I had no World to lose, no Peoples Love.

Ant. This from a Friend?

Dola. Yes, *Anthony*, a true one;
 A Friend so tender, that each Word I speak
 Stabs my own Heart, before it reach your Ear.
 O, judge me not less kind because I chide:
 To *Cæsar* I excuse you.

Ant. O ye Gods!
 Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cæsar*?

Dola. As to your Equal:
 While I wear this, he never shall be more.
 I bring Conditions from him.

Sooth. Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion :haue it not in my tongue, But yet hie you to Egypt againe.

Antho. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher *Cæsars* or mine?

Sooth. Cæsars. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side
Thy Dæmon that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, Courageous, high vnmatchable,
Where *Cæsars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore
Make space enough betweene you.

Anth. Speake this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturall lucke,
He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit
Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble.

Anth. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventigius* I would speake with him.
He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quails euer
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'Eaſt my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventigius*.

Exit.

Enter Ventigius

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:
Follow me, and recieue't.

Exeunt

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selues no further: pray you hasten your Generals
after.

Ant. Are they Noble?

Methinks thou should'st not bring 'em else; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling; knows no Honour,
Divided from his Int'rest. Fate mistook him;
For Nature meant him for an Ufurer,
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer Kingdoms

Vent. Then, granting this,
What Pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a Temper
To honourable Terms?

Ant. It was my *Dolabella*, or some God.

Dola. Nor I; nor yet *Mecænas*, nor *Agrippa*:
They were your Enemies; and I a Friend
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a *Roman's* Deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a *Roman* done: Show me that Man
Who has preserv'd my Life, my Love, my Honour:
Let me but see his Face.

Vent. That task is mine;
And, Heav'n, thou know'st how pleasing.

[*Exit Vent.*

Dola. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest Curse.
My Queen shall thank him too.

Dola. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't. The Queen, my *Dolabella*!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy Fever?

Dola. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better Stars; for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. *Cæsar* tempted her,
At no less price than Kingdoms, to betray me;
But she resisted all: And yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dola. Yes, there's my reason.

*Re-enter Ventidius with Octavia, leading Anthony's
two little Daughters.*

Ant. Where? — *Octavia* there!

[*Starting back*

Agr. Sir, *Marke Anthony*, will e'ne but kiffe *Octavia*, and weele follow.

Lepi. Till I fhall fee you in your Souldiers dresse,
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Mece. We fhall: as I conceiue the journey, be at Mount before you
Lepidus.

Lepi. Your way is fhorter, my purpofes do draw me much about. you'll
win two dayes vpon me.

Both. Sir good fucceffe.

Lepi. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Giue me fome Muficke: Muficke, moody foode of vs that trade in
Love.

Omnes. The Muficke, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Eunich.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.

Char. My arme is fore, beft play with *Mardian*.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as with a woman.
Come you'll play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is fhewed,
Though't come to fhort
The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Giue me mine Angle, weele to'th'Riuer there
My Muficke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fifhes, my bended hooke fhall pierce
Their flimy iawes: and as I draw them vp,
Ile thinke them euery one an *Anthony*,
And fay, ah ha: y're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diuer
did hang a falt fifh on his hooke which he with feruencie drew vp.

Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience: and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Phillippian. Oh from Italie,

Vent. What, is she poison to you? A Disease?
Look on her, view her well; and those she brings:
Are they all Strangers to your Eyes? Has Nature
No secret Call, no Whispers they are yours?

Dola. For Shame, my Lord, if not for Love, receive 'em
With kinder Eyes. If you confess a Man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
Your Arms should open, ev'n without your knowledge,
To clasp 'em in; your Feet should turn to Wings
To bear you to 'em; and your Eyes dart out,
And aim a kiss e'er you could reach the Lips.

Ant. I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for 'em; I brought 'em in, unknown
To *Cleopatra's* Guards.

Dola. Yet are you cold?

Octav. Thus long I have attended for my welcome;
Which, as a Stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?

Ant. *Cæsar's* Sister.

Octav. That's unkind!

Had I been nothing more than *Cæsar's* Sister,
Know, I had still remain'd in *Cæsar's* Camp;
But your *Octavia*, your much injur'd Wife,
Though banish'd from your Bed, driv'n from your House,
In spite of *Cæsar's* Sister, still is yours.
'Tis true, I have a Heart disdains your Coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a Wife's Virtue still surmounts that Pride:
I come to claim you as my own; to show
My Duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness:
Your hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it

[*Taking his hand.*

Vent. Do, take it, thou deserv'st it.

Dola. On my Soul,
And so she does: She's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean,
Shows, as it ought, a Wife and *Roman* too.

Ant. I fear, *Octavia*, you have begg'd my Life,

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.

Mef. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Anthony's* dead,
If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'ft thy Miftris :
But well and free, if thou so yield him.
There is Gold, and heere
My blewest vaines to kiffe : a hand that Kings
Haue lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mef. First Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.
But firrah marke, we vse
To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,
The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill vttering throate.

Mef. Good Madam heare me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will :
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull ; so tart a fauour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Mef. Wilt please you heare me ?

Cleo. I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'ft :
Yet if thou say *Anthony* liues, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not Captiue to him,
Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles vpon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And Friends with *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Th'art an honest man.

Mef. *Cæsar*, and he, are greater Friends then euer.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mef. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay

Octav. Begg'd it, my Lord?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my Ambaffadrefs,
Poorly and bafely begg'd it of your Brother.

Octav. Poorly and bafely I could never beg;
Nor could my Brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who, to my kneeling Slave, could fay,
Rife up, and be a King; fhall I fall down
And cry, Forgive me, *Cæfar*? Shall I fet
A Man, my Equal, in the place of *Jove*,
As he could give me being? No; that word,
Forgive, would choak me up,
And die upon my Tongue.

Dola. You fhall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me:
My Friend too! To receive fome vile Conditions,
My Wife has brought me, with her Prayers and Tears;
And now I muft become her branded Slave:
In every peevifh Mood ſhe will upbraid
The Life ſhe gave: If I but look awry,
She cries, I'll tell my Brother.

Octav. My hard Fortune
Subjects me ftill to your unkind mistakes.
But the Conditions I have brought are fuch
You need not blufh to take: I love your Honour,
Becaufe 'tis mine; it never fhall be faid
Octavia's Husband was her Brother's Slave.
Sir, you are Free; Free, ev'n from her you loath;
For, though my Brother bargains for your Love,
Makes me the Price and Cement of your Peace,
I have a Soul like yours; I cannot take
Your Love as Alms, nor beg what I deferve.
I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd;
He fhall draw back his Troops, and you fhall march
To rule the Eaft: I may be dropt at *Athens*;
No matter where, I never will complain,
But only keep the barren Name of Wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

The good precedence, he vpon but yet,
 But yet is as a Iaylor to bring foorth
 Some monftrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
 Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
 The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæſar*,
 In ſtate of health thou ſaiſt, and thou ſaiſt, free.

Meſ. Free Madam, no: I made no ſuch report,
 He's bound vnto *Octauia*.

Cleo. For what good turne?

Meſ. For the beſt turne i'th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian*.

Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octauia*.

Cleo. The moſt infectious Peſtilence vpon thee.

Strikes him down.

Meſ. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What ſay you?

Strikes him.

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile ſpurne thine eyes

Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head, . . . *She bales him up and downe.*

Thou ſhalt be whipt with Wyer, and ſtew'd in brine,
 Smarting in lingering pickle.

Meſ. Gracious Madam,

I that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not ſo, a Prouince I will giue thee,
 And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'ſt
 Shall make thy peace, for mourning me to rage,
 And I will boot thee with what guiſt beſide
 Thy modeſtie can begge.

Meſ. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liu'd too long.

Draw a knife.

Meſ. Nay then Ile runne:

What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault.

Exit.

Char. Good Madam keepe your ſelfe within your ſelfe,
 The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents ſcape not the thunderbolt:
 Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures
 Turne all to Serpents. Call the ſlaue againe,
 Though I am mad, I will notbyte him: Call?

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
 These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
 A meaner then my selfe: since I my selfe
 Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is neuer good
 To bring bad news: giue to a gracious Message
 An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
 Themselues, when they be felt.

Mes. I haue done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worfer then I do,
 If thou againe say yes.

Mes. He's married Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
 Dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lye Madame?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:
 So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
 A Cisterne for scald Snakes. Go get thee hence
 Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me
 Thou would'st appear most vgly: He is married?

Mes. I craue your Highnesse pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence that I would not offend you
 To punnish me for what you make me do
 Seemes much vnequall he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee
 That art not what th'art fure of. Get thee hence
 The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
 Are all too deere for me:

Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.

Char. Good your Highnesse patience.

Cleo. In praying *Anthony*, I haue disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
 I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.

Vent. Was ever such a strife of fullen Honour!
Both scorn'd to be oblig'd.

Dola. Oh, she has toucht him in the tender'ft part;
See how he reddens with despight and flame
To be out-done in Generosity!

Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up a Tear
That fain would fall!

Ant. *Octavia*, I have heard you, and must praise ..
The greatness of your Soul;
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by Love;
And you do all for Duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at *Athens*; was't not so?

Octav. It was, my Lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd
To one who Loves me not, who, to her self,
May call me thankless and ungrateful Man:
I'll not endure it, no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.

Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor *Octavia's* Virtue?
That Pride was all I had to bear me up;
That you might think you ow'd me for your Life,
And ow'd it to my Duty, not my Love.
I have been injur'd, and my haughty Soul
Could brook but ill the Man who flights my Bed.

Ant. Therefore you love me not?

Octav. Therefore, my Lord,
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me?

Octav. And therefore I should leave you——if I could.

Dola. Her Soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she Loves; and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her Cause.

Ant. Oh, *Dolabella*, which way shall I turn?
I find a secret yielding in my Soul;
But *Cleopatra*, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for *Octavia*;

But does it not plead more for *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Justice and Pity both plead for *Octavia*;
For *Cleopatra*, neither.

One would be ruin'd with you; but she first
Had ruin'd you: the other you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.

In every thing their Merits are unequal.

Ant. Oh, my distracted Soul!

Octav. Sweet Heav'n compose it.

Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? Or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, Children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him;
For you may speak, and he may own you too,
Without a blush; and so he cannot all
His Children: Go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to your selves, from that bad Woman.
You, *Agrippina*, hang upon his Arms;
And you, *Antonia*, clasp about his Waste:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the Pavement, you must bear it, Children:
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer. [*Here the Children go to him, &c.*]

Vent. Was ever fight so moving! Emperor!

Dola. Friend.

Octav. Husband!

Both Childr. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd: Take me,

Octavia; take me, Children; share all. [*Embracing them.*]

I've been a thriftless Debtor to your Loves,
And run out much in Riot, from your Stock:
But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blest Hour!

Dola. O happy Change!

Vent. My joy stops at my tongue;

But it has found two Channels here for one,
And Bubbles out above.

Ant. to Octavia. This is thy Triumph; lead me where thou wilt;
Ev'n to thy Brother's Camp.

Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas hastily.

Alex. The Queen, my Mistress, Sir, and yours——

Ant. 'Tis past. *Octavia*, you shall stay this Night; To morrow,
Cæsar and we are one. [*Ex. leading Octavia, Dola.*

Vent. There's News for you; run, and the Children follow.
My officious Eunuch,
Be sure to be the first; haste forward:
Haste, my dear Eunuch, haste. [*Exit.*

Alex. This downright fighting Fool, this thick-skull'd Hero,
This blunt unthinking Instrument of Death,
With plain dull Virtue has out-gone my Wit:
Pleasure forsook my early't Infancy,
The Luxury of others robb'd my Cradle,
And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man:
Cast out from Nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest Children claim by kind:
Yet, Greatness kept me from Contempt: That's gone.
Had *Cleopatra* follow'd my Advice,
Then he had been betray'd, who now forsakes.
She dies for Love; but she has known its joys;
Gods, is this just, that I, who know no joys,
Must die, because she loves?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Train.

Oh, Madam, I have seen what blasts my Eyes!
Octavia's here!

Cleo. Peace with that Raven's note.
I know it too; and now am in
The Pangs of Death.

Alex. You are no more a Queen:
Ægypt is lost

Cleo. What tell'st thou me of *Ægypt*?
My Life, my Soul is lost! *Octavia* has him!
O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* Love!
My kisses, my embraces now are hers;

While I ——But thou hast seen my Rival; Ipeak,
Does she deserve this Bleffing? Is she fair,
Bright as a Goddeſs? And is all Perfection
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that courſe matter which, when ſhe was finiſh'd,
The Gods threw by for rubbiſh.

Alex. She's indeed a very Miracle.

Cleo. Death to my hopes, a Miracle!

Alex. bowing.] A Miracle,

I mean of Goodneſs; for in Beauty, Madam,
You make all Wonders ceaſe.

Cleo. I was too raſh:

Take this in part of Recompence. But, Oh,

[*Giving a Ring.*

I fear thou flatter'ſt me.

Char. She comes! She's here!

Iras. Flie, Madam, *Cæſar's* Siſter!

Cleo. Were ſhe the Siſter of the Thund'rer *Jove*,
And bore her Brother's Lightning in her Eyes,
Thus would I face my Rival.

[*Meets Octav. with Ventid.*

[*Octav. bears up to her. Their Trains come up on either ſide.*

Octav. I need not ask if you are *Cleopatra*,
Your haughty Carriage ———

Cleo. Shows I am a Queen:

Nor need I ask who you are.

Octav. A Roman:

A Name that makes, and can unmake a Queen.

Cleo. Your Lord, the Man who ſerves me, is a *Roman*.

Octav. He was a *Roman*, 'till he loſt that Name
To be a Slave in *Ægypt*; but I come
To free him thence.

Cleo. Peace, Peace, my Lover's *Juno*.
When he grew weary of that Houſhold-Clog,
He choſe my eaſier Bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your Bonds are eaſie; you have long been practis'd
In that laſcivious Art: he's not the firſt
For whom you ſpread your Snares: Let *Cæſar* witneſs.

Cleo. I lov'd not *Cæſar*; 'twas but Gratitude
 I paid his Love: The worſt your Malice can,
 Is but to ſay, the greateſt of Mankind
 Has been my Slave. The next, but far above him
 In my Eſteem, is he whom Law calls yours,
 But whom his Love made mine.

Oſtav. coming up cloſe to her. | I would view nearer
 That Face, which has ſo long uſurp'd my right,
 To find th' inevitable Charms, that catch
 Mankind ſo ſure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.

Cleo. O, you do well to ſearch; for had you known
 But half theſe Charms, you had not loſt his heart.

Oſtav. Far be their knowledge from a *Roman* Lady,
 Far from a modeſt Wife. Shame of our Sex,
 Doſt thou not bluſh, to own thoſe black Endearments
 That make fin pleaſing?

Cleo. You may Bluſh, who want 'em:
 If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n
 Have giv'n me Charms to pleaſe the braveſt Man,
 Should I not thank 'em? Should I be aſham'd,
 And not be Proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;
 And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this Face
 For one like that.

Oſtav. Thou lov'ſt him not ſo well.

Cleo. I Love him better, and deſerve him more.

Oſtav. You do not; cannot: You have been his ruin.
 Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but *Cleopatra*?
 Who made him ſcorn'd abroad, but *Cleopatra*?
 At *Actium*, who betray'd him? *Cleopatra*.
 Who made his Children Orphans, and poor me
 A wretched Widow? Only *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Yet ſhe who loves him beſt is *Cleopatra*.
 If you have ſuffer'd, I have ſuffer'd more.
 You bear the ſpecious Title of a Wife,
 To gild your Cauſe, and draw the pitying World
 To favour it: The World condemns poor me;
 For I have loſt my Honour, loſt my Fame.

And stain'd the Glory of my Royal House,
 And all to bear the branded Name of Mistris.
 There wants but Life, and that too I would lose
 For him I love.

Octav. Be't so then; take thy Wife.

[*Exit cum suis.*

Cleo. And 'tis my Wife,
 Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.
 My Sight grows dim, and every Object dances,
 And swims before me, in the maze of Death.
 My Spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;
 They could not sink beneath a Rival's scorn:
 But now she's gone they faint.

Alex. Mine have had leisure
 To recollect their Strength, and furnish Counsel,
 To ruin her; who else must ruin you.

Cleo. Vain Promiser!
 Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay your hand too, *Iras*:
 My Grief has weight enough to sink you both.
 Conduct me to some Solitary Chamber,
 And draw the Curtains round;
 Then leave me to my self, to take alone
 My fill of Grief:

There I 'till Death will his Unkindness weep:
 As harmless Infants moan themselves asleep.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

Enter Anthony, and Dolabella.

Dola. **W**HAT would you shift it from your self, on me?
 Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot.

I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go,
 And t'other should not weep. Oh, *Dolabella*,
 How many Deaths are in this word *Depart*!
 I dare not trust my Tongue to tell her so:
 One Look of hers would thaw me into Tears,

And I should melt 'till I were lost again.

Dola. Then let *Ventidius*;

He's rough by Nature.

Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly;

He'll kill her with the News: Thou, only thou.

Dola. Nature has cast me in so soft a Mould,
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleasure
Of some sad Lovers Death, moistens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood.—I should speak
So faintly; with such fear to grieve her Heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore; therefore

Thou only, thou art fit: Think thy self me,
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long)
Take off the edge from every Sharper fount,
And let our Parting be as gently made
As other Loves begin: Wilt thou do this?

Dola. What you have said, so sinks into my Soul,
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad task: Farewel.

I sent her word to meet you.

[*Goes to the door, and comes back.*]

I forgot;

Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:

Her Crown and Dignity shall be preserv'd,

If I have pow'r with *Cæsar*.—O, be sure

To think on that.

Dola. Fear not, I will remember. [*Anthony goes again to the door, and comes back.*]

Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was constrain'd;

I did not this, but with extreamest force:

Desire her not to hate my Memory,

For I still cherish hers;—insist on that.

Dola. Trust me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then that's all.

[*Goes out, and returns again.*]

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?

Tell her, though we shall never meet again,

If I should hear she took another Love,

The News would break my Heart.—Now I must go;
 For every time I have return'd, I feel
 My Soul more tender; and my next Command
 Would be to bid her stay, and ruin both.

[*Exit.*

Dola. Men are but Children of a larger growth,
 Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain;
 And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark Room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
 But, like a Mole in Earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the World's open view: Thus I discovered,
 And blamed the Love of ruin'd *Anthony*;
 Yet with that I were he, to be so ruin'd.

Enter Ventidius above.

Vent. Alone? And Talking to himself? Concern'd too?
 Perhaps my Guest is right; he lov'd her once,
 And may pursue it still.

Dola. O Friendship! Friendship!
 Ill canst thou answer this; and Reason, worse:
 Unfaithful in th' Attempt; hopeless to win;
 And, if I win, undone: Mere madness all.
 And yet th' occasion's fair. What Injury
 To him, to wear the Robe which he throws by?

Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
 To ruin her yet more with *Anthony*.

*Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas; Charmion,
 Iras on the other side.*

Dola. She comes! What Charms have Sorrow on that Face!
 Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much Sweetness;
 Yet, now and then, a Melancholy Smile
 Breaks loose, like Lightning in a Winter's night,
 And shows a moment's day.

Vent. If she should love him too! Her Eunuch there?
 That *Porcypiscæ* bodes ill weather.
 Draw, draw nearer,
 Sweet Devil, that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me; try

[*Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras; seems to talk with them.*

To make him jealous; Jealousie is like
A polished Glass held to the Lips when Life's in doubt:
If there be Breath, 'twill catch the damp and show it.

Cleo. I grant you Jealousie's a Proof of Love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing Med'cine;
It puts out the Disease, and makes it show,
But has no pow'r to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last Remedy, and strongest too:
And then this *Dolabella*, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for Nature's bait
To catch weak Womens Eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you: The least kind Word, or Glance
You give this Youth, will kindle him with Love:
Then, like a burning Vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down again before the Wind,
To fire the Heart of jealous *Anthony*.

Cleo. Can I do this? Ah no; my Love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A Wife, a filly harmless household Dove,
Fond without Art; and kind without Deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a Mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd
Of Falseness to be happy.

Alex. Force your self.
Th' event will be, your Lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleo. I must Attempt it;
But Oh with what regret! [Exit *Alex.* (*She comes up to Dolabella.*)

Vent. So, now the Scene draws near, they're in my reach.

Cleo. to *Dol.*] Discouraging with my Women! Might not I
Share in your Entertainment?

Char. You have been
The subject of it, Madam.

Cleo. How; and how?

Iras. Such praises of your Beauty!

Cleo. Mere Poetry.

Your *Roman* Wits, your *Gallus* and *Tibullus*,
Have taught you this from *Citheris* and *Delia*.

Dola. Those *Roman* Wits have never been in *Ægypt*,
Citheris and *Delia* else had been unfeign'd;
I, who have feign'd—had I been born a Poet,
Should chuse a nobler Name.

Cleo. You flatter me.

But, 'tis your Nation's vice: All of your Country
Are Flatterers, and all false. Your Friend's like you.
I'm sure he sent you not to speak these Words.

Dola. No, Madam; yet he sent me——

Cleo. Well, he sent you——

Dola. Of a less pleasing? Errand.

Cleo. How less pleasing
Less to your self, or me?

Dola. Madam, to both;
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleo. You, *Charmion*, and your Fellow, stand at distance.

(*Aside.*) Hold up, my Spirits——Well, now your mournful matter
For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it too.

Dola. I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless office
To tell ill news: And I, of all your Sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your Sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Vent. Most delicate advances! Woman! Woman!
Dear damn'd inconstant Sex!

Cleo. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; it's not so?

Dola. I wish I could not answer to that Question.

Cleo. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:
I should have been more griev'd another time.

Next I'm to lose my Kingdom——Farewel, *Ægypt*.

Yet, is there any more?

Dola. Madam, I fear

Your too deep Sense of Grief has turn'd your Reason.

Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear Fortune:

And Love may be expell'd by other Love,

As Poisons are by Poisons.

Dola. ——You o'erjoy me, Madam,

To find your Grievs so moderately born.

You've heard the worst; all are not false, like him.

Cleo. No; Heav'n forbid they should.

Dola. Some Men are constant.

Cleo. And Constancy deserves Reward, that's certain.

Dola. Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

Vent. I'll swear thou hast my Leave. I have enough:

But how to manage this! Well, I'll confider.

[*Exit.*

Dola. I came prepar'd,

To tell you heavy News; News, which I thought,

Would fright the Blood from your pale Cheeks to hear;

But you have met it with a Cheerfulness

That makes my Task more easie; and my Tongue,

Which on another's Message was employ'd,

Would speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, *Dolabella*.

First tell me, were you chosen by my Lord?

Or fought you this Employment?

Dola. He pick'd me out; and, as his Bosom-Friend,

He Charg'd me with his words.

Cleo. The Message then

I know was tender, and each Accent smooth,

To mollifie that rugged word *Depart*.

Dola. Oh, you mistake: He chose the harshest words,

With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,

He Coin'd his Face in the severest stamp;

And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake:

He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing *Ætna*.

In Sounds scarce human, "Hence, away for ever:

Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him
 Report the feature of *Octavia*: her yeares,
 Her inclination, let him not leaue out
 The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
 Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
 The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
 Bring me word, how tall she is: pittie me *Charmian*,
 But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at another
Cæsar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with
Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hostage I haue, so haue you mine:
 And we shall talke before we fight.

Cæsar. Most meete that first we come to words,
 And therefore haue we
 Our written purpofes before vs sent,
 Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,
 If'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,
 And carry backe to Cicilie much tall youth,
 That else must perish heere.

Pom. To you all three,
 The Senators alone of this great world,
 Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
 Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,
 Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since *Iulius Cæsar*,
 Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was't
 That mou'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
 Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine *Brutus*,
 With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautilous freedome,
 To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
 Haue one man but a man, and that his it
 Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,
 The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
 To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
 Cast on my Noble Father.

"Let her be gone, the blot of my Renown,
 "And bane of all my hopes: [*All the time of this Speech, Cleop. seems more
 and more concern'd, 'till she sinks quite down.*]

"Let her be driv'n as far as Men can think

"From Man's commerce: She'll poison to the Center.

Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more!

Dola. Help, help. Oh Wretch! Oh curst curst Wretch!

What have I done?

Char. Help, chafe her Temples, *Iras.*

Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,

She comes again,

The fleeing Soul, with hollowing in my Tomb

Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me.

Why have you brought me back to this loath'd Being,

Th' abode of Falfhood, violated Vows,

And injur'd Love? For Pity, let me go;

For, if there be a place of long repose,

I'm fure I want it. My difdainful Lord

Can never break that quiet; nor awake

Such words as fright her hence; Unkind, unkind.

Dola. kneeling.] Believe me, 'tis againft my felf I fpeak,

That fure deserves Belief; I injur'd him:

My Friend ne'er fpoke thofe words. Oh, had you feen

How often he came back, and every time

With fometh'g more obliging and more kind,

To add to what he faid; what dear Farewels;

How almost vanquifht by his Love he parted,

And learn'd to what unwillingly he left:

I, Traitor as I was, for love of you,

(But what can you not do, who made me falfe!)

I forg'd that Lie; for whofe forgivenefs kneels

This felf-accus'd, felf-punifht Criminal.

Cleo. With how much eafe believe we what we wifh!

Rife, *Dolabella*; if you have been Guilty,

I have contributed, and too much Love

Vain Sums of Wealth which none can gather thence.

Cæsar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can't now feare vs *Pompey* with thy failes.
Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'ft
How much we do o're-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost orecount me of my Fathers house:
But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,
Remaine in't as thou maist.

Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this from the present how you take)
The offers we haue sent you.

Cæsar. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd

Cæsar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You haue made me offer
Of Cicilie, Sardinia: and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send
Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
To part with unhackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targes vndinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,
Put me to some impatience: though I loose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When *Cæsar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicilie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I haue heard it *Pompey*.
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me haue your hand:
I did not think Sir, to haue met you heere,

Ant. The beds i'th'Eaſt are ſoft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier then my purpoſe hither:

Has made me Guilty too.

Th' advance of kindness which I made, was feign'd,
To call back fleeting Love by Jealousie;
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

Dola. I find your Breast fenc'd round from human reach,
Transparent as a Rock of solid Chrytal;
Seen through, but never pierc'd. My Friend, my Friend!
What endless Treasure hast thou thrown away,
And scatter'd like an Infant, in the Ocean?

Cleo. Could you not beg
An hour's Admittance to his private Ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no Hospitable Inn
Is near to succour Hunger,
Eats his fill, before his painful March:
So would I feed a while my famish'd Eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never must return.

Ventidius, with Octavia, behind.

Vent. From hence you may discover—— Oh, sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed? the pretty hand in Earnest? [*Takes her hand.*]

Dola. I will, for this Reward,——Draw it not back,
'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Vent. They turn upon us.

Octav. What quick Eyes has Guilt!

Vent. Seem not to have observ'd em, and go on.

They Enter.

Dola. Saw you the Emperor, *Ventidius*?

Vent. No.

I fought him; but I heard that he was private,
None with him, but *Hipparchus* his Freedman.

Dola. Know you his business?

Vent. Giving him Instructions,
And letters, to his Brother *Cæsar*.

Dola. Well,
He must be found.

[*Exunt Dola. and Cleo.*]

For I haue gained by't.

Cæsar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change vpon you,

Pom. Well, I know not,

What counts harsh Fortune casts vpon my face,

But in my bosome shall she neuer come,

To make my heart her vassaile.

Lep. Well met heere.

Pom. I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:

I carue our composition may be written

And seal'd betweene vs,

Cæsar. That's the next to do.

Pom. Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I *Pompey*.

Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot: but first or last, your fine Egyptian
cookerie, shall haue the fame, I haue heard that *Iulius Cæsar*, grew fat with
feasting there.

Anth. You haue heard much.

Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir.

Ant. And faire words to them.

Pom. Then so much haue I heard,
And I haue heard *Appolodorus* carried——

Eno. No more that: he did so.

Pom. What I pray you?

Eno. A certaine Queene to *Cæsar* in a Matris.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'ft thou Souldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue
Foure Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behauiour.

Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you haue well deferr'd ten times as much,
As I haue said you did.

Pom. Injoy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.

Oclav. Most glorious Impudence!

Vent. She look'd methought

As she would say, Take Your old Man, *Oclavia*.

Thank you, I'm better here.

Well, but what use

Make we of this discovery?

Oclav. Let it die.

Vent. I pity *Dolabella*; but she's dangerous:

Her Eyes have pow'r beyond *Theffalian* Charms

To draw the Moon from Heav'n; for Eloquence,

The Sea-green Syrens taught her Voice their Flatt'ry;

And, while she speaks, Night steals upon the Day,

Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,

Age buds at sight of her, and swells to Youth:

The holy Priests gaze on her while she smiles;

And with heav'd hands, forgetting Gravity,

They bless her wanton Eyes: Even I who hate her,

With a malignant joy behold such Beauty;

And, while I Curse, desire it. *Anthony*

Must needs have some remains of Passion still,

Which may ferment into a worse Relapse,

If now not fully cur'd. I know, this minute,

With *Cæsar* he's endeavouring her Peace.

Oclav. You have prevail'd: —but for a farther purpose [*Walks off.*
I'll prove how he will relish this Discovery.

What, make a Strumpet's peace! it swells my Heart:

It must not, she's not be.

Vent. His Guards appear.

Let me begin, and you shall second me:

Enter Anthony.

Ant. *Oclavia*, I was looking you, my Love;

What, are your Letters ready? I have giv'n

My last Instructions.

Oclav. Mine, my Lord, are written.

Ant. *Ventidius!*

Vent. My Lord?

Ant. A word in private.

Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, fir.

Pom. Come.

Exeunt.

Manet Enob. & Menas.

Men. Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're haue made this Treaty. You, and I haue knowne fir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praife any man that will praife me, thogh it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes fome-thing you can deny for your owne fafety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land feruice: but giue mee your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues kiffing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatfomere their hands are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No flander, they fteale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am forry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, fure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'haue faid Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Anthony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Enob. *Cæfars* Sifter is call'd *Octauia*.

Men. True Sir, fhe was the wife of *Cauis Marcus*.

Enob. But fhe is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.

Men. Pray'ye fir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæfar* and he, for euer knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Prophefie fo.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpofe, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke fo too. But you fhall finde the band that feemes to tye

When saw you *Dolabella*?

Vent. Now, my Lord,

He parted hence; and *Cleopatra* with him?

Ant. Speak softly. 'Twas by my Command he went,
To bear my last farewell.

Vent. aloud.] It look'd indeed
Like your farewell.

Ant. More softly.——My farewell?
What secret meaning have you in those words
Of my Farewell? He did it by my Order.

Vent. aloud.] Then he obey'd your Order. I suppose
You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness and all——love.

Ant. How she mourn'd,
The poor forsaken Creature!

Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your parting
As she did *Cæsar's*, as she would another's,
Were a new Love to come.

Ant. aloud] Thou dost belie her;
Most basely and maliciously belie her.

Vent. I thought not to displease you; I have done.

Octav. coming up.] You seem disturb'd my Lord.

Ant. A very trifle.

Retire, my Love.

Vent. It was indeed a trifle.

He sent——

Ant. angrily.] No more. Look how thou disobey'ft me;
Thy life shall answer it.

Octav. Then 'tis no trifle.

Vent. to Octav.] 'Tis less; a very nothing: you too saw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no Secret.

Ant. She saw it!

Vent. Yes; she saw young *Dolabella*——

Ant. Young *Dolabella*!

Vent. Young, I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,

their friendship together, will bee the very frangler of their Amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conuerfation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife fo?

Eno. Not he that himfelfe is not fo: which is *Marke Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian difh againe: then fhall the fighes of *Octavia* blow the fire vp in *Cæfar*, and (as I faid before) that which is the ftrength of their Amity, fhall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will vfe his affection where it is. Hee married but his occafion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?
I haue a helth for you.

Enob. I fhall tafte it fir: we haue vs'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

Muficke plays.

Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.

1 Heere they'l be man: fome o'th'their Plants are ill rooted already, the leaft winde i'th'world wil blow them downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the difpofition, hee cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaties, and himfelfe to'th'drinke.

1 But it raifes the greateft warre betweene him & his difcretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fellowship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no feruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be fenne to moue in't, are the holes where eyes fhould bee, which pittifully difafter the cheekes.

A Sennet founded.

Enter Cæfar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle
By certaine fcales i'th'Pyramid: they know
By'th'height, the lowneffe, or the meane: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus fwels,

Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind Message;
 For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd:
 And then he grew familiar with her Hand,
 Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous Kisses;
 She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd again;
 At last she took occasion to Talk softly.
 And brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd on his:
 At which, he whisper'd Kisses back on hers;
 And then she cry'd aloud, That Constancy
 Should be rewarded.

Octav. This I saw and heard.

Ant. What Woman was it, whom you heard and saw,
 So playful with my Friend?

Not *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Ev'n she, my Lord.

Ant. My *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Your *Cleopatra*;

Dolabella's Cleopatra;

Every Man's *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Thou ly'st.

Vent. I do not lie, my Lord.

Is this so strange? Should Mistresses be left,
 And not provide against a Time of Change?
 You know she's not much us'd to lonely Nights.

Ant. I'll think no more on't.

I know 'tis false, and see the Plot betwixt you.

You need not have gone this way, *Octavia*.

What harms it you that *Cleopatra's* just?

She's mine no more, I see; and I forgive:

Urge it no farther, Love.

Octav. Are you concern'd

That she's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;

For, though 'tis past, I would not that the World
 Should Tax my former Choice: That I lov'd one
 Of so light Note; but I forgive you both.

Vent. What has my Age deserv'd, that you should think

The more it promifes: as it ebbes, the Seedfman
Vpon the flime and Ooze fcatters his graine,
And fhortly comes to Harueft.

Lep. Y'haue ftrange Serpents there?

Anth. I *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun: fo is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are fo.

Pom. Sit, and fome Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not fo well as I fhould be:

But Ile ne're out.

Enob. Not till you haue fleft: I feare me you'l bee in till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyramifis are very goodly things: without contradiction I haue heard that.

Menas. *Pompey*, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Men. Forfake thy feate I do befeech thee Captaine,
And heare me fpeake a word.

Pom. Forbeare me till anon.

Whifpers in's Eare.

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is fhaped fir like it felfe, and it is as broad as it hath breth; It is iuft fo high as it is, and mooues with it owne organs. It liues by tha which nourifheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Tranfmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ftrange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis fo, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæf. Will this defcription fatisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, elfe he is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang fir, hang: tell me of that? Away:

Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the fake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,
Rife from thy ftoole.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

I would abuse your Ears with Perjury?
If Heav'n be true, she's false.

Ant. Though Heav'n and Earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Vent. I'll bring you then a Witness
From Hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back,

[*Seeing Alexas just entering, and starting back.*

For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my Lord?

Vent. To make you do what most you hate: speak Truth.
You are of *Cleopatra's* private Counsel,
Of her Bed-Counsel, her lascivious hours;
Are conscious of each Nightly Change she makes,
And watch her, as *Chaldeans* do the Moon,
Can tell what Signs she passes through, what Day.

Alex. My Noble Lord.

Vent. My most Illustrious Pander,
No fine set Speech, no Cadence, no turn'd Periods.
But a plain home-spun Truth, is what I ask:
I did, my self, o'er-hear your Queen make love
To *Dolabella*. Speak: for I will know,
By your confession, what more past betwixt 'em;
How near the business draws to your Employment;
And when the happy Hour.

Ant. Speath truth, *Alexas*, whether it offend
Or please *Ventidius*, care not: justify
Thy injur'd Queen from Malice: dare his worst.

Octav. aside.] See how he gives him Courage! how he fears
To find her false! and shuts his Eyes to truth.
Willing to be mis-led!

Alex. As far as Love may plead for Woman's Frailty,
Urg'd by desert and greatness of the Loyer;
So far (*Divine Octavia!*) may my Queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you, for loving him,
Who is your Lord: so far, from brave *Ventidius*,
May her past Actions hope a fair Report.

Ant. 'Tis well, and truly spoken: mark, *Ventidius*.

Pom. Thou haft feru'd me with much faith: what's else to fay? Be iolly Lords.

Anth. Thefe Quicke-fands *Lepidus*.

Keepe off, them for you finke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What faift thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

Pom. How fould that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

Pom. Haft thou drunke well.

Men. No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'ft be, the earthly Ioue:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which wey?

Men. Thefe three World-flarers, thefe Competitors
Are in thy vefsell. Let me cut the Cable.
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou fouldft haue done,
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good feruice: thou muft know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath fo betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,
I fould haue it afterwards well done,
But muft condemne it now: defift, and drinke.

Men. For this, Ile neuer follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who feeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Beare him afhore,
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.

Eno. Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Alex. To you, most noble Emperor, her strong passion
 Stands not excus'd, but wholly justify'd.
 Her Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,
 From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant Vows
 Of fighting Kings; and at her Feet were laid
 The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on heaps,
 To chuse where she would Reign:
 She thought a *Roman* only could deserve her;
 And, of all *Romans* only *Anthony*.
 And, to be less than Wife to you, disdain'd
 Their lawful Passion.

Ant. 'Tis but Truth.

Alex. And yet, though Love, and your unmatched Defect,
 Have drawn her from the due regard of Honour
 At last, Heav'n open'd her unwilling Eyes
 To see the wrongs she offer'd fair *Octavia*,
 Whose holy Bed she unlawfully usurpt;
 The sad effects of this prosperous War,
 Confirm'd those pious Thoughts.

Vent. aside.] O, wheel you there?

Observe him now; the Man begins to mend,
 And talk substantial Reason. Fear not, Eunuch,
 The Emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t'offend his Ears,
 With what the last necessity has urg'd
 On my forsaken Mistress; yet I must not
 Presume to say her Heart is wholly alter'd

Ant. No, dare not for thy Life, I charge thee dare not
 Pronounce that fatal word.

Octav. aside.] Must I bear this? good Heav'n, afford me patience.

Vent. On, sweet Eunuch; my dear half Man, proceed.

Alex. Yet *Dolabella*

Has lov'd her long; he, next my god-like Lord,
 Deserves her best; and should she meet his Passion,
 Rejected, as she is, by him she lov'd——

Ant. Hence, from my sight; for I can bear no more:
 Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; each torturing hand

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: feest not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk; would it were all, that it might go on wheels.

Eno. Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripen's towards it: strike the Veffels ho.

Heere's to *Cæfar*.

Cæfar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.

Cæfar. Poffesse it, Ile make answer: but I had rather fast from all, foure days, then drinke so much in one.

Enob. Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:

Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding euery man shall beate as loud,
As his strong fides can volly.

Musicke Playes. *Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,

Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:

In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,

With thy Grapes our haire be Crown'd:

Cup vs till the world go round,

Cup vs till the world go round.

Do thou employ, 'til *Cleopatra* comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.

[*Exit Alexas, thrust
out by Anthony.*]

Octa. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To shew this Passion, this extream Concernment
For an abandon'd, faithless Prostitute.

Ant. *Octavia*, leave me: I am much disorder'd.
Leave me, I say.

Octav. My Lord?

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Vent. Obey him, Madam: best withdraw a while,
And see how this will work.

Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my Lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra*?
Were I she,
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my Neck, take flight Excuses.
And fawn upon my Falsehood.

Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, *Octavia*; I am preft with Sorrows
Too heavy to be born; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of Man within to aid me.

Octav. You would mourn
In private, for your Love, who has betray'd you;
You did but half return to me: your kindness
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my Lord,
You make Conditions for her,
And would include her Treaty. Wondrous proofs
Of Love to me!

Ant. Are you my Friend, *Ventidius*?
Or are you turn'd a *Dolabella* too,
And let this Fury loose?

Vent. Oh, be advis'd,
Sweet Madam, and retire.

Cæſer. What would you more?

Pompey goodnight. Good Brother

Let me request you of our grauer buſineſſe

Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,

You ſee we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*

Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue

Spleet's what it ſpeakes: the wilde diſguiſe hath almoſt

Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.

Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. Ile try you on the ſhore.

Anth. And ſhall Sir, giues your hand.

Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father houſe.

But what, we are Frineds?

Come downe into the Boate.

Eno. Take heed you fall not *Menas*: Ile not on ſhore,

No to my Cabin: theſe Drummes,

Theſe Trumpets, Flutes: what

Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell

To theſe great Fellows. Sound and be hang'd, found out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Enor. Hoo faies a there's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.

Exeunt.

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou ſtroke, and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus* death

Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,

Before our Army thy *Pacorus Orades*.

Paies this for *Marcus Craſſus*.

Romaine. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,

The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,

Mefapotamia, and the ſhelters, whether

The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*.

Shall ſet thee on triumphant Chariots, and

Put Garlands on thy head.

Othav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
 You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
 My Lord, my Lord, Love will not always last,
 When urg'd with long unkindness, and disdain;
 Take her again whom you prefer to me;
 She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd Man!
 Let a feign'd Parting give her back your Heart,
 Which a feign'd Love first got; for injur'd me,
 Tho' my just Sense of wrongs forbid me stay,
 My Duty shall be yours.
 To the dear pledges of our former Love,
 My tenderness and care shall be transferr'd,
 And they shall Cheer, by turns, my Widow'd Nights:
 So, take my last farewell; for I despair
 To have you whole; and scorn to take you half.

[*Exit.*]

Vent. I combat Heav'n, which blasts my best Designs:
 My last attempt must be to win her back;
 But Oh I fear in vain.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honest Heart,
 Which knows not to disguise its Griefs and Weakness.
 But bears its workings outward to the World?
 I should have kept the mighty Anguish in,
 And forc'd a Smile at *Cleopatra's* falsehood:
Othavia had believ'd it, and had staid;
 But I am made a shallow-forded Stream,
 Seen to the Bottom: all by clearness scorn'd,
 And all my faults expos'd!—See, where he comes

Enter Dolabella.

Who has prophan'd the Sacred Name of Friend,
 And worn it into Vileness!
 With how secure a Brow, and spacious Form
 He gilds the secret Villain! Sure the Face
 Was meant for Honesty; but Heav'n mis-match'd it,
 And furnish'd Treason out with Nature's pomp,
 To make its work more easie.

Dola. O, my Friend!

Ant. Well *Dolabella*, you perform'd my Message?

Ven. Oh *Sillius*, *Sillius*,

I haue done enough. A lower place note well
May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,
Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ferues away.
Cæsar and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne
More in their officer, then person. *Soffius*.
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiu'd by'th'minute, lost his fauour.
Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Anthonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,
Should my performance perishe.

Rom. Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his
Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.

Ven. Ile humbly signifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre we haue effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The nere-yet beaten Horfe of Parthia,
We haue iaded out o'th'Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Vem. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast
The waight we must conuay with's, will permit:
We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They haue dispatched with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weepes
To part from Rome: *Cæsar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feaft, as *Menas* saies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sickneffe.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Cæsar*.

Dola. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?

You should have wisht it.

Dola. Why.

Ant. Because you love me.

And she receiv'd my Message, with as true,

With as unfeign'd a Sorrow, as you brought it?

Dola. She loves you, ev'n to madness.

Ant. Oh, I know it.

You, Dolabella, do not better know

How much she loves me. And should I

Forfake this Beauty? This all-perfect Creature?

Dola. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first

Perswaded me: How come you alter'd since?

Dola. I said at first I was not fit to go;

I could not hear her Sighs, and see her Tears,

But Pity must prevail: and so, perhaps,

It may again with you; for I have promis'd

That she should take her last Farewel; and, see,

She comes to claim my Word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. False Dolabella!

Dola. What's false, my Lord?

Ant. Why, Dolabella's false:

And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.

Draw near, you well join'd wickedness, you Serpents,

Whom I have, in my kindly Bosom, warm'd,

'Till I am stung to Death.

Dola. My Lord, have I

Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleo. Can Heav'n prepare

A newer Torment? Can it find a Curse

Beyond our Separation?

Ant. Yes, if Fate

Be just, much greater: Heav'n should be ingenious

Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.

Eno. *Cæsar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.

Ant. What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?

Eno. Spake you of *Cæsar*? How, the non-pareill?

Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eno. Would you praife *Cæsar*, fay *Cæsar* go no further.

Agri. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praifes.

Eno. But he loues *Cæsar* beft, yet he loues *Anthony*:

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,

Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot

Agri. Both he loues.

Thinke, ſpeake, caſt, write, fing, number : hoo,

But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and fickly

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, fo:

This is to horſe: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæſar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Antho. No further Sir.

Cæſar. You take from me a great part of my ſelfe:

Uſe me well in't. Siſter, proue ſuch a wife.

As my thoughts make thee, and as my fartheſt Band

Shall paſſe on thy approoſe: moſt Noble *Anthony*.

Let not the peece of Vertue which is ſet

Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue

To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter

The Fortrefſe of it: for better might we

Haue lou'd without this neane, if onboth parts

This be not Cherifht.

Ant. Make me not offended, in your diſtruſt.

Cæſar. I haue ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not finde,

Though you be therein curious, the leſt cauſe

For what you ſeeme to feare, ſo the Gods keepe you,

And make the hearts of Romaines ſerue your ends:

We will heere part.

Cæſar. Farewell my deereſt Siſter, fare thee well,

In punish'ing such Crimes. The rowling Stone,
 And gnawing Vulture, were flight Pains invented
 When *Jove* was Young, and no Examples known
 Of mighty ills; but you have ripen'd sin
 To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the Gods
 To find an equal Torture. Two, two such,
 Oh there's no farther Name, two such—to me,
 To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breasts,
 Had no Desires, no Joys, no Life, but you;
 When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
 In Dowry with my heart; I had no use,
 No Fruit of all, but you: a Friend and Mistress
 Was what the World could give. Oh, *Cleopatra*!
 Oh, *Dolabella*! how could you betray
 This tender Heart, which with an Infant-fondness
 Lay lull'd betwixt your Bosoms, and there slept
 Secure of injur'd Faith?

Dola. If she has wrong'd you,
 Heav'n, Hell, and You revenge it.

Ant. If she wrong'd me,
 Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt; but swear
 Thou lov'st not her.

Dola. Not so as I love you.

Ant. Not so! Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her.

Dola. No more than Friendship will allow.

Ant. No more?

Friendship allows thee nothing: thou art perjur'd.—
 And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'dst her not;
 But not so much, no more. Oh trifling Hypocrite,
 Who dar'st not own to her thou dost not love,
 Nor own to me thou dost! *Ventidius* heard it;
Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are Enemies.

Ant. *Alexas* is not so: he, he confess'd it.
 He, who, next Hell, best knew it, he avow'd it.
 (*To Dol.*) Why do I seek a Proof beyond yourself?
 You whom I sent to bear my last Farewel,

The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Octa. My Noble Brother.

Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,
And these the flowers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and——

Cæsar. What *Oclauia*?

Octa. Ile tell you in your eare.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tongue.

The Swannes downe feather
That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæsar* weepe?

Agr. He ha's a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worfe for that were he a Horfe, fo is he being a man.

Agri. Why *Nobarbus*:

When *Anthony* found *Iulius Cæsar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at Phillippi he found *Brutus* flaine.

Eno. That year indeed, he was troubled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Beleeu't till I weepe too.

Cæsar. No fweet *Oclauia*,
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wraffle with you in my strength of loue,
Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,
And giue you to the Gods.

Cæsar. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres giue light
To thy faire way.

Cæsar. Farewell, farewell.

Kisses Oclauia.

Ant. Farewell.

Trumpets found.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Return'd to plead her stay.

Dola. What shall I Answer?

If to have lov'd be Guilt, then I have finn'd;

But if to have repented of that Love

Can wash away my Crime, I have repented.

Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,

Let not her suffer: she is innocent.

Cleo. Ah, what will not a Woman do who loves!

What means will she refuse, to keep that Heart

Where all her joys are plac'd! 'Twas I encourag'd,

'Twas I blew up the Fire that scorch'd his Soul,

To make you jealous; and by that regain you.

But all in vain; I cou'd not Counterfeit:

In spite of all the Damms, my Love broke o'er,

And drown'd my Heart again: Fate took th' occasion,

And thus one minute's feigning has destroy'd

My whole Life's truth.

Ant. Thin Cobweb Arts of Falshood;

Seen, and broke through at first.

Dola. Forgive your Mistrefs.

Cleo. Forgive your Friend.

Ant. You have convinc'd your selves,

You plead each other's Cause: What Witnes have you,

That you but meant to raise my Jealousie?

Cleo. Our selves, and Heav'n.

Ant. Guilt witneffes for Guilt. Hence Love and Friendship;

You have no longer place in human Breasts,

These two have driv'n you out: Avoid my fight;

I would not kill the Man whom I have lov'd;

And cannot hurt the Woman; but avoid me,

I do not know how long I can be tame;

For, if I stay one minute more to think

How I am wrong'd, my Justice and Revenge

Will cry so loud within me, that my Pity

Will not be heard for either.

Dola. Heav'n has but

Our sorrow for our sins; and then delights

Alex. Halfe afear'd to come.

Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Maieftie: *Herod* of lury dare not looke vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile haue: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might command it: Come thou neere.

Mef. Moft gracious Maieftie.

Cleo. Did'ft thou behold *Othauia*?

Mef. I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where?

Mef. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and faw her led betweene her Brother, and *Mark Anthony*.

Cleo. Is fhe as tall as me?

Mef. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didft heare her fpeake?

Is fhe fhrill tongu'd or low?

Mef. Madam, I heard her fpeake, fhe is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not fo good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh *Ifis*: 'tis impoffible.

Cleo. I thinke fo *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfifh
What Maieftie is in her gate, remember
If ere thou look'ft on Maieftie.

Mef. She creeps: her motion, & her ftation are as one:
She fhewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Mef. Or I haue no obferuance.

Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiue't,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow ha's good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Gueffe at her yeares, I prythee.

Meff. Madam, fhe was a widdow.

Cleo. Widdow? *Charmian*, hearke.

Mef. And I do thinke fhe's thirtie.

To pardon erring Man: Sweet Mercy seems
 Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
 As if there were Degrees in Infinite;
 And Infinite would rather want Perfection
 Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive
 A Foe; but not a Mistrefs, and a Friend:
 Treason is there in its most horrid shape,
 Where Trust's greatest; and the Soul resign'd
 Is stabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no more;
 Hence from my sight for ever.

Cleo. How? For ever!
 I cannot go one moment from your sight,
 And must I go for ever?
 My Joys, my only Joys are center'd here:
 What place have I to go to? My own Kingdom?
 That I have lost for you: or to the *Romans*?
 They hate me for your sake: or must I wander
 The wide World o'er, a helpless, banish'd Woman,
 Banish'd for love of you; banish'd from you?
 Ay, there's the Banishment! Oh hear me; hear me,
 With strictest Justices: For I beg no favour:
 And if I have offended you, then kill me,
 But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.
 I have a Fool within me takes your part;
 But Honour stops my Ears.

Cleo. For Pity hear me!
 Would you cast of a Slave who follow'd you,
 Who crouch'd beneath your Spurn?—He has no pity!
 See, if he gives one tear to my Departure:
 One look, one kind farewell: Oh Iron heart!
 Let all the Gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
 If he did ever love!

Ant. No more: *Alexas*!

Dola. A perjur'd Villain!

Ant. to Cleo.] Your *Alexas*; yours.

Cleo. Bear'ft thou her face in mind? it's long or round?

Meff. Round, euen to faultineffe.

Cleo. For the moft part too, they are foolifh that are fo. Her haire what colour?

Meff. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as fhe would wifh it.

Cleo There's Gold for thee,
Thou muft not take my former fharpeneffe ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Moft fit for bufineffe. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is fo: I repent me much
That fo I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no fuch thing.

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cleo. The man hath feene fome Maiefty, and fhould know.

Char. Hath he feene Maieftie? *Ifis* elfe defend: and feruing you fo long.

Cleopa. I haue one thing more to aske him yet good *Charmian*: but 'tis no
matter, thou fhalt bring him to me where I will write; all may be well
enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Octauia.

Ant. Nay,nay *Octauia*, not onely that,
That were excufable, that and thoufands more
Of femblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainft *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, fpoke fcantly of me,
When perforce he could not
He vented then moft narrow meafure;lent me,
When the beft hint was giuen him: he not look't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octauia. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeue not all,or if you muft beleeeue,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappy Lady,
If this deuifion chance, ne're ftood betweene
Praying for both parts:

Cleo. O 'twas his Plot : His ruinous Design
T'ingage you in my love by jealousie.
Hear him ; confront him with me ; let him speak.

Ant. I have ; I have .

Cleo. And if he clear me not——

Ant. Your Creature ! One who hangs upon your Smiles !
Watches your Eye to fay or to unfay
Whate'er you please ! I am not to be mov'd.

Cleo. Then must we part ? Farewel, my cruel Lord,
Th' appearance is against me ; and I go
Unjustifi'd, for ever from your sight.
How I have lov'd, you know ; how yet I love,
My only Comfort is, I know my self :
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me most : so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against it ; but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.
Must I weep too ? That calls 'em innocent.
I must not weep ; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive——
Live ; but live wretched, 'tis but just you shou'd.
Who made me so : Live from each others fight :
Let me not hear you meet : Set all the Earth,
And all the Seas, betwixt your funder'd Loves :
View nothing common but the Sun and Skies :
Now, all take several ways ;

And each your own sad fate with mine deplore ;
That you were false, and I could trust no more.

[*Exunt severally.*]

ACT V.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Char. **B**E juster, Heav'n : such Virtue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a Random hand, the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.

The good Gods wil mocke me presently,
 When I fhall pray :Oh bleffe my Lord,and Husband,
 Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 Oh bleffe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
 Prayers, and distroyes the prayer, no midway
 'Twixt these extreames at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,

Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks
 Best to preferue it: if I loofe mine Honour,
 I loofe my selfe: better I were not yours
 Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested,
 Your selfe fhall go between's, the meane time Lady,
 Ile raise the preparation of a Warre
 Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest haft,
 So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord,

The loue of power make me most weake, most weake,
 You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
 As if the world should cleaue,and that flaine men
 Should foder vp the Rift.

Anth. When it appeeres to you where this begins,
 Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
 Can neuer be so equall,that your loue
 Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
 Chooſe your owne company, and command what cost
 Your heart he's mind too.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend *Eros*?

Eros. There's strange Newes come Sir.

Eno. What man?

Eros. *Cæsar* & *Lepidus* haue made warres vpon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old, what is the successe?

Eros. *Cæsar* hauing made vse of him in the warres 'gainst *Pompey*:
 presently denied him riuality, would not let him partake in the glory of the
 action, and not resting here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
Pompey. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him, so the poore third is vp, till
 death enlarge his Confine.

Cleo. I could tear out these Eyes, that gain'd his Heart,
 And had not pow'r to keep it. O the Curfe
 Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage!
 Bear witness, Gods, you heard him bid me go;
 You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
 Of promis'd Faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.
 You may hold me—— [*She pulls out her Dagger, and they hold her.*]
 But I can keep my Breath; I can die inward,
 And choak this Love.

Enter Alexas.

Iras, Help, O *Alexas* help!
 The Queen grows desperate, her Soul struggles in her,
 With all the Agonies of Love and Rage,
 And strives to force its passage.

Cleo. Let me go.
 Art thou there, Traitor!——O,
 O, for a little Breath, to vent my Rage!
 Give, give me way, and let me loofe upon him.

Alex. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd truth.
 Was it for me to prop
 The Ruins of a falling Majesty?
 To place my self beneath the mighty Flaw,
 Thus to be crush'd, and pounded into Atoms,
 By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too prefuming
 For Subjects, to preserve that wilful pow'r
 Which Courts its own Destruction.

Cleo. I wou'd reason
 More calmly with you. Did not you o'er-rule,
 And force my plain, direct, and open Love
 Into these crooked paths of Jealousie?
 Now, what's th' event? *Octavia* is remov'd;
 But *Cleopatra's* banish'd. Thou, thou, Villain,
 Haft push'd my Boat to open Sea; to prove,
 At my sad Cost, if thou canst steer it back.
 It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd:
 Hence, thou Impostor, Traitor, Monster, Devil.—
 I can no more: thou, and my Grievs, have sunk

Eno. Then would thou hadst a paire of chapsn o more, and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'le grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes
The russh that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,
And threats the throate of that his Officer,
That murdered *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Nauies rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and *Cæsar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently: my Newes
I might haue told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

Eros. Come Sir,

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæsar.

Cæs. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't:

I'th' Market-place on a Tribunall siluer'd,
Cleopatra and himsele in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
He gaue the stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.

Mece. This in the publike eye?

Cæsar. I'th' common shew place, where they exercise,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthai, and Armenia
He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he assign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phœnetia: the
In th'abiliments of the Goddeffe *Ifis*
That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,
As 'tis reported fo.

Mece. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who queazie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæsar. The people knowes it,

Me down so low, that I want Voice to curse thee.

Alex. Suppose some Shipwrack'd Seaman near the shore,
Dropping and faint, with climbing up the Cliff,
If, from above, some Charitable hand
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself
To draw the others weight; wou'd he look back
And Curse him for his Pains; The Case is yours:
But one step more, and you have gain'd the heighth.

Cleo. Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. *Octavia's* gone, and *Dolabella* banish'd.
Believe me, Madam, *Anthony* is your.
His Heart was never lost; but started off
To Jealousie, Love's last retreat and covert:
Where it lyes hid in shades, watchful in silence,
And list'ning for the Sound that calls it back.
Some other, any Man, ('tis so advanc'd)
May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I
(Unhappy only to my self) have left
So easie to his hand.

Cleo. Look well thou do't; else——

Alex. Else, what your silence threatens——*Anthony*
Is mounted up the *Pharos*; from Whose Turret,
He stands surveying our *Ægyptian* Gallies,
Engag'd with *Cæsar's* Fleet: Now Death, or Conquest.
If the first happen, Fate acquits my Promise:
If we o'ercome, the Conqueror is yours.

A distant Shout within.

Char. Have comfort, Madam: Did you mark that shout?

Second Shout nearer.

Iras. Hark; they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the Port.

The loudness shows it near: Good News, kind Heav'ns.

Cleo. *Ofiris* make it so.

Enter Serapion.

Serap. Where, where's the Queen?

Alex. How frightfully the holy Coward stares!
As if not yet recover'd of th' Assault,

And haue now receiue'd his accusations.

Agri. Who does he accuse?

Cæsar. *Cæsar*, and that hauing in *Cicilie*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
 His part o'th'Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
 Some shipping vnrefort'd. Lastly, he frets
 That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd,
 And being that, we detain all his Reuenue.

Agri. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæsar. 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:
 I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,
 That he his high Authority abus'd,
 And did deferue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
 I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
 And other of his conquer'd Kingdom's I demand the like

Mec. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octauia with her Traine.

Octa. Haile *Cæsar*, and my L. haile most deere *Cæsar*.

Cæsar. That euer I should call thee Cast-away.

Octa. You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you cause.

Cæs. Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not
 Like *Cæsars* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*
 Should haue an Army for an Vnhar, and
 The neiges of Horfe to tell of her approach,
 Long ere she did appeare. The trees by'th'way
 Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
 Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
 Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,
 Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
 A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented
 The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,
 Is often left vnlo'd: we should haue met you
 By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it

When all his Gods, and what's more dear to him,
His Offerings were at stake.

Serap. O horror, horror!

Ægypt has been; our latest hour is come:
The Queen of Nations from her ancient Seat,
Is Sunk for ever in the dark Abyfs:
Time has unroll'd her Glories to the last,
And now clos'd up the Volume.

Cleo. Be more plain:

Say, whence thou com'st, (though Fate is in thy Face,
Which from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens e'er thou speak'st.)

Serap. I came from *Pharos*;
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
Our Land's last hope, your Navy——

Cleo. Vanquish'd?

Serap. No.

They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Serap. Nor that. I saw,
With *Anthony*, your well appointed Fleet
Row out; and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,
And thrice with cheerful Cries they shouted back:
'Twas then, false Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,
About to leave the Bankrupt Prodigal,
With a diffembling Smile would kiss at parting,
And flatter to the last; the well-tim'd Oars
Now dipt from every Bank, now smoothly run
To meet the Foe; and soon indeed they met,
But not as Foes. In few, we saw their Caps
On either side thrown up; the *Ægyptian* Gallies
(Receiv'd like Friends) pass through and fell behind
The *Roman* rear: and now, they all come forward,

Cleo. Enough, *Serapion*:

And ride within the Port.

I've heard my doom. This needed not, you Gods:
When I lost *Anthony*, your work was done;

On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Cæs. Which foone he granted,
Being an abſtract 'twene his Luſt, and him,

Octa. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.

Cæs. I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind : wher is he now ?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.

Cæſar. No my moſt wronged Siſter, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath aſſembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Mauchous* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mitbradates* King.
Of Comageat, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger Liſt of Scepters.

Octa. Aye me moſt wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other.

Cæs. Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde oud breaking forth
Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're your content, theſe ſtrong neceſſities,
But let determin'd things to deſtinie
Hold vnbeuayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iuſtice, makes his Miniſters
Of vs, and thoſe that loue you. Beſt of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs.

Agrip. Welcome Lady.

'Tis but superfluous Malice. Where's my Lord?
How bears he this last blow?

Serap. His fury cannot be express'd by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have falln
Full on his Foes, and aim'd at *Cæsar's* Galley:
With-held, he raves on you; Cries, he's betray'd.
Should he now find you——

Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,
'Till you can clear your Innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not, haste you to your Monument,
While I make speed to *Cæsar*.

Cleo. *Cæsar!* No.
I have no business with him.

Alex. I can work him,
To spare your Life, and let this Madman perish.

Cleo. Base fawning Wretch! Wouldst thou betray him too?
Hence from my sight, I will not hear a Traitor;
'Twas thy Design brought all this ruin on us;
Serapion, thou art honest; Counsel me:
But haste, each moment's precious.

Serap. Retire; you must not yet see *Anthony*.
He who began this mischief,
'Tis just he tempt the Danger: Let him clear you;
And, since he offer'd you his servile Tongue,
To gain a poor precarious Life from *Cæsar*,
Let him expose that fawning Eloquence,
And speak to *Anthony*.

Alex. O Heav'ns! I dare not,
I meet my certain Death.

Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.
Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him;
I know him noble: When he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my Life;
But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo. To Death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,

Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
 Each heart in Rome does loue and pittie you,
 Onely th'adulterous *Anthony*, most large
 In his abominations, turnes you off,
 And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
 That noyfes it against vs.

Octa. Is it so fir?

Cæs. Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
 Be euer knowne to patience. My dee'ft Sister.

Exeunt

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forefpoke my being in thefe warres, And fay'ft it it not
 fit.

Eno. Well: is it, is it.

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against vs, why fhould not we be there in perfon.

Enob. Well, I could reply: if wee fhould ferue with Horfe and Mares together, the Horfe were meerly loft: the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horfe.

Cleo. What is't you fay?

Enob. Your prefence needs muft puzzle *Anthony*,
 Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from his time,
 What fhould not then be fpar'd. He is already
 Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis faid in Rome,
 That Photinus an Eunuch, and your Maides
 Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
 That fpeake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th'Warre,
 And as the prefident of my Kingdome will
 Apppeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
 I will not ftay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidias.

Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. It is not ftrange *Camidius*,
 That from Tarrentum, and Brandufium,
 He could fo quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
 And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Now for thy Life, which basely thou would'st save;
While mine I prize at this. Come, good *Serapion*. [*Exeunt* Cleo, Serap. Char.

Alex. O that I less cou'd fear to lose this Being, [*Iras.*

Which, like a Snow-ball in my Coward hand,

The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.

Poor Reason! What a wretched Aid art thou!

For still in fright of thee,

These two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread

Their final Separation. Let me think:

What can I say to save my self from Death?

No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra*.

Ant. within. Which way? where?

Vent. within. This leads to th' Monument.

Alex. Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepared:

My gift of lying's gone;

And this Court-Devil, which I so oft have rais'd,

Forfakes me at my need. I dare not stay:

Yet cannot far go hence.

[*Exit.*

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Ant. O happy *Cæsar*! Thou hast Men to lead:

Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd *Anthony*,

But *Rome* has conquer'd *Ægypt*. I'm betray'd.

Vent. Curse on this treach'rous Train!

Their Soil and Heav'n infect 'em all with Bafenefs:

And their young Souls come tainted to the World

With the first Breath they draw.

Ant. Th'Original Villain sure no God created;

He was a Bastard of the Sun, by *Nile*.

Ap'd into Man; with all his Mother's Mud

Crusted about his Soul.

Vent. The Nation is

One Universal Traitor; and their Queen

The very Spirit and Extract of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left

A possibility of Aid from Valour?

Is there one God unsworn to my Destruction?

The least unmortgag'd hope? For, if there be,

Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke.

Which might haue well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slackneffe. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant. For that he dares vs too't.

Enob. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to fingle fight.

Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Phariaia,
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Militer, Reapers, people
Ingroft by swift Impresse. In *Cæsars* Fleete,
Are those, that often haue 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippers are yare, yours heauy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-market-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises asurance, and
Giue vp your selfe meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.

Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo. I haue sixty Sailes, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching *Cæsar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land.
Thy Businesse?

Enter a Messenger.

Methinks I cannot fall beneath the Fate
 Of such a Boy as *Cæsar*.
 The World's one half is yet in *Anthony*:
 And, from each Limb of it that's hew'd away,
 The Soul comes back to me.

Vent. There yet remain
 Three Legions in the Town. The last Assault
 Lopt off the rest: If Death be your Design.
 (As I must with it now) these are sufficient
 To make a heap about us of dead Foes,
 And honest Pile for burial.

Ant. They're enough.
 We'll not divide our Stars; but fide by fide
 Fight emulous: And with malicious Eyes
 Survey each other's Acts: So every Death
 Thou giv'ft, I'll take on me, as a just Debt.
 And pay thee back a Soul.

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
 Of chiding more. By my few hours of Life,
 I am so pleas'd with this brave *Roman* Fate,
 That I wou'd not be *Cæsar*, to out-live you.
 When we put off this Flefh, and mount together,
 I shall be shewn to all th'Ethereal crowd:
 Lo, This is he who dy'd with *Anthony*.

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their Troops,
 And reach my Veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting,
 T' o'er-leap this Gulph of Fate,
 And leave our wand'ring Destinies behind.

Enter Elexas, trembling.

Vent. See, see, that Villian;
 See *Cleopatra* stamp upon that Face,
 With all her Cunning, all her Arts of Falshood!
 How she looks out through those dissembling Eyes!
 How he sets his Count'nance for deceit;
 And promises a Lie, before he speaks!
 Let me dispatch him first.

[*Drawing.*

Alex. O spare me, spare me.

Meſ. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is defcried,
Cæſar ha's taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'Tis impoſſible
 Strange, that his power ſhould be. *Camidius*,
 Our nineteen Legions thou ſhalt hold by Land,
 And our twelve thouſand Horſe. Wee'l to our Ship,
 Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldiour.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
 Truſt not to rotten planks: Do you miſdoubt
 This Sword, and theſe my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
 And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee
 Haue vs'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
 And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob.

Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am in'th'right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
 Not in the power on't: fo our Leaders leade,
 And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horſe whole, do you not?

Ven. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Luſteus*,
Publicola, and *Celius*, are for Sea:
 But we keepe whole by Land. This ſpeeche of *Cæſars*
 Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome.
 His power went out in ſuch diſtractions,
 As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul. They ſay, one *Towrus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Emperor calls *Camidius*.

Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
 And throwes forth each minute, ſome.

exeunt

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy Life,
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it)
No Syllable to justify thy Queen;
Save thy base Tongue its Office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone,
Where she shall never be molested more
By Love, or you.

Ant. Fled to her *Dolabella*!
Die Traitor, I revoke my Promise, die.

[*Going to kill him.*]

Alex. O hold, she is not fled.

Ant. She is: My Eyes
Are open to her Falshood; my whole Life
Has been a Golden dream of Love and Friendship.
But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant, row'd
From soft repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me, but as the Swallow Summer.
Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams,
Singing her Flatteries to my morning wake;
But, now my Winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the Spring of *Cæsar*.

Alex. Think not so:
Her Fortunes have, in all things, mixt with yours.
Had she betray'd her Naval force to *Rome*,
How easily might she have gone to *Cæsar*,
Secure by such a Bribe?

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain:
Else wou'd she have appear'd, to clear her self.

Alex. Too fatally she has; she could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but shut her self
Within her Monument: Look'd down, and sigh'd;
While, from her unchang'd face, the silent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting.
Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd;
At last, she rais'd her Eyes; and, with such Looks

As dying *Lucrece* caft,————

Ant. My heart forebodes————

Vent. All for the beft: Go on.

Alex. She fnatch'd her Poniard,

And, e'er we cou'd prevent the fatal Blow,

Plung'd it within her Breaft: Then turn'd to me,

Go, bear my Lord (faid fhe) my laft Farewel;

And ask him if he yet fufpect my Faith.

More fhe was faying, but Death rufh'd betwixt.

She half pronounc'd your Name with her laft Breath,

And bury'd half within her.

Vent. Heav'n be prais'd.

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear Love?

And art thou dead?

O thofe two words! their Sound fhould be divided:

Hadft thou been falfe, and dy'd; or hadft thou liv'd,

And hadft been true——But Innocence and Death!

This fhows not well above. Then what am I,

The Murderer of this Truth, this Innocence!

Thoughts cannot form themfelves in words fo horrid

As can exprefs my Guilt!

Vent. Is't come to this? The Gods have been too gracious:

And thus you thank 'em for't.

Ant. to Alex.] Why ftay'ft thou here?

Is it for thee to fpy upon my Soul,

And fee its inward mourning? Get thee hence;

Thou art not worthy to behold, what now

Becomes a *Roman* Emperor to perform.

Alex. afide.] He loves her ftill:

His Grief betrays it. Good! The joy to find

She's yet alive, compleats the Reconcilement.

I've fav'd my felf, and her. But Oh! The *Romans*!

Fate comes too faft upon my Wit,

Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.

[*Exit.*

Vent. Would fhe had dy'd a little fooner though,

Before *Othavia* went; you might have treated:

Now 'twill look tame, and would not be receiv'd.

Come rouze your felf, and let's die warm together.

Ant. I will not fight: There's no more work for War.
The bus'nefs of my angry hours is done.

Vent. Cæfar is at your gates.

Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome now.

Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.

Cæsar. Towrus?

Tow. My Lord.

*Cæf. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not excede
The prefcript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe.*

exit.

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus,

*Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond fide o'th'Hill,
In eye of Cæfars battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And fo proceed accordingly.*

exit.

Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the stage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way: After their going in, is heard the noife of a Sea fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

*Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their fixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
To fee't, mine eyes are blafted.*

Enter Scarrus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddeffes, all the whol fynod of them!

Eno. What's thy paffion.

*Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is loft
With very ignorance, we haue kift away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.*

Eno. How appeares the Fight?

*Scar. On our fide like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is fure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprofie o're-take) i'th'midft o'th'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the fame, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,*

Hoists Sailes, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did ficken at the fight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in heighth, flies after her:
I neuer saw an Action of fuch fhame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate fo it felfe.

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And finkes moft lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himfelfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Moft groffely by his owne.

Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponnefus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eafie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To *Cæfar* will I render
My Legions and my Horfe, fixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno. Ile yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reafon
Sits in the winde againft me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is afham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am fo lated in the world, that I
Haue loft my way for euer. I haue a fhippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cæfar*.

Omnes. Fly? Not wee.

Ant. I haue fled my felfe, and haue instructed cowards

To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
 I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a courie,
 Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
 My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
 I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,
 My very haire do mutiny: for the white
 Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them
 For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
 Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will
 Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
 Nor make replies of loathnesse, take the hint
 Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left
 Which leaues it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way;
 I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.
 Leau me, I pray a little: pray you now,
 Nay do so: for indeede I haue lost command,
 Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by. *Sits downe*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do most deere Queene.

Char. Do, why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh *Iuno*.

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you heere, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empreffe.

Eros. Sir, fir.

Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
 His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
 The leane and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
 That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
 Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
 In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter,

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,

Hee's vnqualited with very flame.

Cleo. Well then, sustaine me: Oh.

Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I haue offended Reputation,
A most vnnoble fweruing.

Eros. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see
How I conuey my flame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'ft too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by th'ftrings,
And thou should'ft stowe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'ft, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.

Cleo. Oh my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man fend humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of downes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all caufe.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kiffe,
Euen this repayes me.
We sent our Schoolemafter, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,

We forne her most, when most she offers blowes.

Exeunt

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.

Cæf. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony*.
Know you him.

Dolla. *Cæsar*, 'tis his Schoolemafter,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambaffador from Anthony.

Cæsar. Approach, and speake.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.

Cæf. Bee't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth
A priuate man in Athens: this for him
Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Greatnesse,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Cæf. For *Anthony*,

I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,
O Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee
From Egypt driue her all-difgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if shee performe,
She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Cæf. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise

And in our Name, what she requires, adde more
 From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
 In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure
 The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
 Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
 Will answer as a Law.

Thid. *Cæsar*, I go.

Cæsar. Obserue how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
 And what thou think'ft his very action speakes
 In euery power that mooues.

Thid. *Cæsar*, I shall.

exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Thinke, and dye.

Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?

Eno. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
 Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
 From that great face of Warre, whosefeuerall ranges
 Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
 The itch of his Affection should not then
 Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,
 When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
 The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse
 Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,
 And leaue his Nauy gazing.

Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer? *Amb.* I my Lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then haue courtesie,
 So she will yeeld vs vp.

Am. He sayes so.

Antho. Let her know't. To thy Boy *Cæsar* fend this grizled head, and he
 will fill thy wifhes to the brimme,
 With Principalities.

Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
 Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note

Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
 May be a Cowards, whose Miniſters would preuaile
 Vnder the ſeruice of a Childe, as foone
 As i'th'Command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay Comparifons a-part,
 And anſwer me declin'd, Sword againſt Sword,
 Our felues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.

Eno. Yes like enough: hye battel'd *Cæſar* will
 Vnſtate his happineſſe, and be Stag'd to'th'ſhew
 Againſt a Sworder. I ſee mens Iudgements are
 A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them
 To ſuffer all alike, that he ſhould dreame,
 Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
 Anſwer his emptineſſe; *Cæſar* thou haſt ſubdu'de
 His iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Meſſenger from *Cæſar*.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
 Againſt the blowne Roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
 That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him fir.

Eno. Mine honeſty, and I, beginne to ſquare,
 The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
 Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
 To follow with Allegiance a falſe Lord,
 Does conquer him that did his Maſter conquer,
 And earneſ a place i'th'Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cæſar*s will.

Thid. Heare it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends: ſay boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.

Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæſar* ha's,
 Or needs not vs. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our Maſter
 Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
 Whoſe he is, we are, and that is *Cæſar*s.

Thid. So. Thus then thou moſt renown'd, *Cæſar* intreats,

Not to confider in what cafe thou ftand'ft
Further then he is *Cæfars*.

Cleo. Go on, right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did loue, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The fcarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pittie, as conftained blemifhes,
Not as deferued.

Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is moft right. Mine Honour.
Was not yeilded, but conquer'd meere.

Eno. To be fure of that, I will afke *Anthony*.
Sir, fir, thou art fo leakie
That we muft leaue thee to thy finking, for
Thy deereft quit thee.

Exit Enob.

Thid. Shall I fay to *Cæfar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be defir'd to giue. It much would be pleafe him,
That of his Fortunes you would make a ftaffe
To learne vpon. But it would warme his fpirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your felfe vnder his fhrowd, the vniuerfal Landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thid. My name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Moft kinde Mefſenger,
Say to great *Cæfar* this in difputation,
I kiſſe his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. 'Tis your Nobleſt courſe:
Wifedome and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may flake it. Giue me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæsars* Father oft,

(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
 Bestow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
 As it rain'd kisses.

Enter Anthony and Enorbarbus.

Ant. Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou Fellow?

Thid. One that but performes
 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
 To haue command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
 Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
 Like Boyes vnto a muffle, Kings would start forth,
 And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
 I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

Enter a Seruant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelp,
 Then with an old one dying.

Ant. Moone and Starres,
 Whip him: were't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
 That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I finde them
 So fawcy with the hand of the heere, what's her name
 Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
 Till like a Boy you see him crindge his face,
 And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Marke *Anthony*.

Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
 Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Cæsars* shall
 Beare vs an arrant to him.

Exeunt with Thidius.

You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
 Haue I my pillow left vnpreft in Rome,
 Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
 And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd
 By one that lookes on Feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You haue beene a boggeler euer,
 But when we in our vicioufneffe grow hard
 (Oh miefry on't) the wife Gods feele our eyes

In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morfell, cold vpon
Dead *Cæsars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompeyes*, besides what hotter houres
Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxurioufly pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can gueffe what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Bafan, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue sauage cause,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like
A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Seruant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske favour.

Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou forrie
To follow *Cæsar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee backe to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides

Haue empty left their Orbes, and fhott their Fires
 Into th'Abifme of hell. If he miflike,
 My fpeech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
 He may at pleafure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he fhall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
 Hence with thy ftripes, be gone.

Exit Thid.

Cleo. Haue you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipft,
 And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I muft ftay his time?

Ant. To flatter *Cæfar*, would you mingle eyes
 With one that tyes his points.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be fo,
 From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
 And poyfon it in the fourfe, and the firft ftone
 Drop in my necke: as it determines fo
 Diffolue my life, the next Cæfarian fmile,
 Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
 Together with my braue Egyptian all,
 By the difcandering of this pelleted ftorme,
 Lye graueleffe, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
 Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am fatisfied:

Cæfar fets downe in Alexandria, where
 I will oppofe his Fate. Our force by Land,
 Hath Nobly held, our feuer'd Nauie too
 Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning moft Sea-like.
 Where haft thou bin my heart? Doft thou heare Lady?
 If from the Field I fhall returne once more
 To kiffe thefe Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
 I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
 There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-finewed, hearted, breath'd,

And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
 Were nice and lucky, men did ranfome liues
 Of me for iests: But now, Ile fet my teeth,
 And fend to darkneffe all that ftop me. Come,
 Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
 All my fad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
 Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
 I had thought t'haue held it poore. But fince my Lord
 Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do fo, wee'l fpeake to them,
 And to night Ile force
 The Wine peepe through their fcarres.
 Come on (my Queene)
 There's fap in't yet. The next time I do fight
 Ile make death loue me: for I will contend
 Euen with his peftilent Sythe.

Exeunt.

Eno. Now hee'l out-ftare the Lightning, to be furious
 Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
 The Doue will pecke the Eftridge; and I fee ftill
 A diminution in our Captaines braine,
 Reftores his heart; when valour prayes in reafon,
 It eates the Sword it fights with: I will feeke
 Some way to leaue him.

Exeunt.

*Enter Cæfar, Agrippa, & Mecnas with his Army,
 Cæfar reading a Letter.*

Cæf. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
 To beate me out of Egypt. My Meffenger
 He hath whipt with Rods, dares meto perfonal Combat.
Cæfar to Antonys let the old Ruffian know,
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time]
Laugh at his Challenge.

Mece. *Cæfar* muft thinke,
 When one fo great begins to rage, hee's hunted

Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
 Make boote of his diftraction: Neuer anger
 Made good guard for it felfe.

Cæs. Let our beft heads know,
 That to morrow, the laft of many Battailes
 We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
 Of thofe that feru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
 And Fearit the Army, we haue ftore to doo't.
 And they haue earn'd the waſte. Poore *Anthony*.

Exeunt.

*Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
 Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why ſhould he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
 He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,
 By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,
 Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
 Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ile ſtrike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well faid, come on:
 Call forth my Houfhold Seruants, lets to night

Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,
 Thou haſt bin rightly honeſt, ſo haſt thou,
 Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue ſeru'd me well,
 And Kings haue beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What meanes this?

Eno. 'Tis one of thofe odde tricks which forow ſhoots
 Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
 I wiſh I could be made ſo many men,
 And all of you clapt vp together, in
 An *Anthony*s that I might do you ſeruice,

So good as you haue done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And fuffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he meane?

Eno. To make his Followers weepe.

Ant. Tend me to night;

May be, it is the period of your duty,
Haply you fhall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'll serue another Master. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good seruice, stay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.

Eno. What meane you (Sir)

To giue them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Affe, am Onyon-ey'd; for shame,
Transforme vs not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a sence,
For I fpake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne confideration.

Exeunt.

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.

2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

1 Nothing: what newes?

2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.

1 Well fir, good night.

They meete other Soldiers.

2 Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.

1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselues in euery corner of the Stage.

2 Heere we: and if to morrow

Our Nauie thriue, I haue an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand vp.

1 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.

2 Peace, what noife?

1 Lift lift.

2 Hearke.

1 Musicke i'th'Ayre.

3 Vnder the earth.

4 It signes well, do's it not?

3 No.

1 Peace I say: What should this meane?

2 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,

Now leaues him.

1 Walke, let's see if other Watchmen

Do heare what we do?

2 How now Maisters?

Speak together.

Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?

1 I, is't not ftrange?

3 Do you heare Maisters? Do you heare?

1 Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.

Let's see how it will giue off.

Omnes. Content: 'Tis ftrange.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. *Eros*, mine Armour *Eros*.

Cleo. Sleepe a little.

Ant. No my Chucke. *Eros*, come mine Armor *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we braue her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony*.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: Falso, falso: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thriue now.
See'st thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that vnuckles this, till we do please
To daft for our Repose, shall heare a storme.
Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,
That thou could'st see my Warres to day, and knew'st
The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see
A Workeman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To businesse that we loue, we rise betime,
And go too't with delight.

Soul. A thousand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you.

Showt.

Trumpets Flourish.

Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.

All. Good morrow Generall.

Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.

Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.

This Morning, like the spirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so: Come giue me that, this way, well-fed.
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kiffe: rebukeable,

And worthy fhamefull checke it were, to ftand
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me clofe, Ile bring you too't: Adieu.

Exeunt.

Char. Pleafe you retyre to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæfar* might
Determine this great Warre in fingle fight;
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on.

Exeunt.

Trumpets found. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.

Ant. Would thou, & thofe thy fears had once preuaild
To make me fight at Land.

Eros. Had't thou done fo,
The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would haue ftill
Followed thy heeles.

Ant. Whofe gone this morning?

Eros. Who? one euer neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*,
He fhall not heare thee, or from *Cæfars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What fayeft thou?

Sold. Sir he is with *Cæfar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chefts and Treafure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Moft certaine.

Ant. Go *Eros*, fend his Treafure after, do it,
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will fubfcribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I wifh he neuer finde more caufe
To change a Mafter. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honeft men. Difpatch *Enobarbus*.

Exit.

*Flourifh. Enter Agrippa, Cæfar, with Enobarbus,
and Dollabella.*

Cæf. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke aliue:

Make it fo knowne.

Agrip. *Cæfar*, I fhall.

Cæfar. The time of vniuerfall peace is neere:
Proue this a proſp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Oliue freely.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. *Anthony* is come into the Field.

Cæf. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant thoſe that haue reuolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may ſeeme to ſped his Fury
Vpon himſelfe.

Exeunt.

Enob. *Alexas* did reuolt, and went to *Iewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did diffwade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelfe to *Cæfar*,
And leaue his Maſter *Anthony*. For this paines,
Cæfar hath hang'd him: *Camindius* and the reſt
That fell away, haue entertainment, büt
No honourable truſt: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuſe my ſelfe fo forely,
That I will ioy no mote.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſars.

Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*
Hath after thee ſent all thy Treafure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Meſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.

Eno. I giue it you.

Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Beſt you ſaf't the bringer.
Out of the hoaft, I muſt attend mine Office,
Or would haue done't my ſelfe. You Emperor
Continues ſtill a Ioue.

Exit.

Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am fo moſt. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'ſt thou haue payed
My better ſeruice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,

If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane
 Shall out strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
 I fight against thee: No I will go seeke
 Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul't best fits
 My latter part of life.

Exit.

Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:
Cæsar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppreffion
 Exceeds what we expected.

Exit.

Alarums.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,
 Had we done so at firft, we had drouen them home
 With clowts about their heads.

Far off.

Ant. Thou bleed'ft apace.

Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retyre.

Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
 Roome for fix scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues
 For a faire victory.

Scar. Let vs score their backes,
 And fnatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
 'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. Ile halt after.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March.

Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
 Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
 Before the Sun shall see's, wee'll spill the blood

That ha's to day eſcap'd. I thanke you all,
 For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
 Not as you ſeru'd the Cauſe, but as't had bene
 Each mans like mine: you haue ſhewne all *Hectors*.
 Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
 Tell them your feats, whil't they with ioyfull teares
 Waſh the congealement from your wounds, and kiſſe
 The Honour'd-gaſhes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Giue me thy hand,
 To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bleſſe thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,
 Chaine mine ar'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
 Through prooſe of Harneſſe to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,
 Oh infinite Vertue, comm'ſt thou ſmiling from
 The worlds great ſnare vncaught.

Ant. Mine Nightingale.
 We haue beate them to their Beds.
 What Gyrle, though gray
 Do ſomthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
 A Braine that nourifhes our Nerues, and can
 Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
 Commend vnto his Lippes thy fauouring hand,
 Kiſſe it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
 As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
 Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.

Cleo. Ile giue thee Friend
 An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

Ant. He has deſeru'd it, were it Carbunkled
 Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,
 Through Alexandria make a iolly March,
 Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
 Had our great Pallace the capacity
 To Campe this hoaft, we all would ſup together,
 And drinke Carowſes to the next dayes Fate

Which promifes Royall perill, Trumpetters
 With brazen dinne blaſt you the Citties eare,
 Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
 That heauen and earth may ſtrike their founds together,
 Applauding our approach.

Exeunt.

Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.

Cent. If we be not releeu'd within this houre,
 We muſt returne to'th'Court of Guard: the night
 Is fhiny, and they ſay, we ſhall embattile
 By'th'fecond houre i'th'Morne.

1. *Watch.* This laſt day was a fhrew'd one too's.

Enob. Oh beare me witneſſe night.

2 What man is this?

1 Stand cloſe, and liſt him.

Enob. Be witneſſe to me (O thou bleſſed Moone)
 When men reuolted ſhall vpon Record
 Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
 Before thy face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus?*

2 Peace: Hearke further.

Enob. Oh Soueraigne Miſtris of true Melancholly,
 The poyſonous dampe of night diſpunge vpon me,
 That Life, a very Rebelle to my will,
 May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
 Againſt the flint and hardneſſe of my fault,
 Which being dried with greefe, will break to powder,
 And finiſh all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
 Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
 Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
 But let the world ranke me in Regiſter
 A Maſter leauer, and a fugitiue:
 Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!

1 Let's ſpeake to him.

Cent. Let's heare him. for the things he ſpeakes
 May concerne *Cæſar*.

2 Let's do ſo, but he ſleepes.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for fo bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for fleepe.

1 Go we to him.

2 Awake fir, awake, fpeake to vs.

1 Heare you fir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes afarre off.

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the fleepers:
Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out.

2 Come on then, he may recouer yet.

exeunt

Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleafe them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'ld fight i'th'Fire, or i'th'Ayre,
Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty
Shall ftay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may beft difcouer,
And looke on their endeuour.

exeunt

Enter Cæſar, and his Army.

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ftill by Land,
Which as I tak't we fhall, for his beft force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our beft aduantage.

exeunt.

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd:
Where yon'd Pine does ftand, I fhall difcouer all.
He bring thee word ftraight, how 'ris like to go.

exit.

Scar. Swallowes haue built
In *Cleopatra's* Sailes their nefts. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not fpeake their knowledge. *Anthony,*
Is valiant, and deiefted, and by ftarts

His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loft:

This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They cast their Caps vp, and Carowfe together
Like Friends long loft. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast fold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vprife shall I see no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere
Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue
Their wifhes, do dif-Candie, melt their sweets
On bloffoming *Cæsar*: And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
Whose Bosom was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypfie, hath at fast and loofe
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse. -
What *Eros*, *Eros*?

Enter Cleopatra

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy deseruing,
And blemish *Cæsars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne
For poor't Diminutiues, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octauia*, plough thy visage vp
With her prepared nailes.
'Tis well th'art gone,

exit Cleopatra.

If it be well to liue. But better 'twere
 Thou fell'ft into my furie, for one death
 Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, hoa?
 The fhirt of *Neffus* is vpon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
 Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes o'th'Moone,
 And with thofe hands that graipt the heauieft Club,
 Subdue my worthieft felfe: The Witch fhall die,
 To the young Roman Boy fhe hath fold me, and I fall
 Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa?

exit.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad
 Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Theffaly
 Was neuer fo imboft.

Char. To'th'Monument, there locke your felfe,
 And fend him word you are dead:
 The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,
 Then greatneffe going off,

Cleo. To'th'Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have flaine my felfe:
 Say, that the laft I fpoke was *Anthony*,
 And word it (prythee) pitteoufly. Hence *Mardian*,
 And bring me how he takes my death to'th'Monument,

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'ft me?

Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we fee a clowd that's Dragonifh,
 A vapour fometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
 A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
 A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
 With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
 And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
 Thou haft feene thefe Signes,
 They are blacke Veſpers Pagents.

Eros. I my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horſe, euen with a thoght the Racke difflimes,
 and makes it indiftinct

As water is in water.

Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knaue *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Euen such a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this vifible fhape (my Knaue)
I made thefe warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whofe heart I thought I had, for fhe had mine:
Which whil't it was mine, had annext vntoo't
A Million moe, (now loft:) fhee *Eros* has ,
Packt Cards with *Cæfars*, and falfe plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs
Our felues to end our felues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, fhe has rob'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No *Anthony*,
My Miftris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence fawcy Eunuch peace, fhe hath betraid me,
And fhall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one perfon, can be paide but once,
And that fhe ha's difcharg'd. What thou would'ft do
Is done vnto thy hand: the laft fhe fpake
Was *Anthony*, moft Noble *Anthony*:
Then in the midd'ft a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided ,
Betweene her heart, and lips: fhe rendered life
Thy name fo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we muft fleepe: That thou depart'ft hence fafe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go,
Off, plucke off,
The feuen-fold fhield of *Aiax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my fides.
Heart, once be ftronger then thy Continent,

exit Mardian.

Cracke thy fraile Cafe. Apace *Eros*, apace;
 No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go,
 You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile.
 I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and
 Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,
 Lye downe and ftray no farther. Now all labour
 Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
 It selfe with strength: Seale then, and all is done.
Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros*? Stay for me,
 Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:
Dido, and her *Æneas* shall want Troopes,
 And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

exit Eros

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,

I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
 Detest my basenefse. I, that with my Sword,
 Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes-backe
 With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
 The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
 Then she which by her death, our *Cæsar* telles
 I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
 That when the exigent should come, which now
 Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
 Th'ineuitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
 That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.
 Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,
 'Tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
 (Though Enemy lost ayme, and could not.

Ant. Eros.

Wouldn't thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
 Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
 His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de

Vent. What Lethargy has crept into your Soul?

Ant. 'Tis but a fcorn of Life, and juft desire
To free my felf from Bondage.

Vent. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O, *Ventidius*:
What fhould I fight for now? My Queen is dead.
I was but great for her; my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my Merchandife to buy her Love;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now fhe's dead,
Let *Cæfar* take the World,——
An Empty Circle, fince the Jewel's gone,
Which made it worth my ftrife: My Being's naufeous;
For all the Bribes of Life are gone away.

Vent. Would you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I would be taken;

But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius* :

For I'll convey my Soul from *Cæsar*'s reach,

And lay down life my self. 'Tis time the World

Should have a Lord, and know whom to obey.

We two have kept its Homage in fuspence,

Ant bent the Globe on whose each fide we trod,

'Till it was dinted inwards : Let him walk

Alone upon't; I'm weary of my part.

My Torch is out; and the World ftands before me

Like a black Defart, at the approach of Night :

I'll lay me down, and ftray no farther on.

Vent. I could be griev'd,

But that I'll not out-live you : Chufe your Death :

For, I have feen him in fuch various fhapes,

I care not which I take : I'm only troubled,

The Life I bear, is worn to fuch a Rag.

'Tis fcarce worth giving. I could wifh indeed

We threw it from us with a better Grace :

That, like two Lions taken in the Toils,

We might at laft thruft out our paws, and wound

The Hunters that inclofe us.

To penetratiue flame; whil't the wheel'd feate
Of Fortunate *Cæſar* drawne before him, branded
His Baſeneſſe that enſued.

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt Sword, which thou haſt worne
Moſt vſefull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh ſir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, ſword't y^u not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Seruices are all
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Loe thee.

Eros. My ſword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawne it.

Eros. My deere Maſter,
My Captaine, and my Emperour. Let me ſay
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, Farwell.

Ant. 'Tis ſaid man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I ſtrike now?

Ant. Now *Eros*.

Killes himſelfe.

Eros. Why there then:

Thus I do eſcape the forrow of *Anthoni*'s death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my ſelfe,
Thou teacheſt me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could't not, My Queene and *Eros*
Haue by their braue inſtruction got vpon me
A Nobleneſſe in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Maſter dies thy Scholler; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh diſpatch me.

Enter a Guard.

1. Guard. What's the noiſe?

Ant. I have thought on't.

Ventidius, you must live.

Vent. I must not, Sir.

Ant. Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?
To stand by my fair Fame, and guard th' approaches
From the ill Tongues of Men?

Vent. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you?

Ant. Say, I command it.

Vent. If we die well, our Deaths will speak themselves,
And need not living Witnesses.

Ant. Thou hast lov'd me,
And fain I would reward thee: I must die;
Kill me, and take the Merit of my Death
To make thee Friends with *Cæsar*.

Vent. Thank your kindness.
You said I lov'd you; and, in recompence,
You bid me turn a Traitor: Did I think
You would have us'd me thus? That I should die
With a hard thought of you?

Ant. Forgive me, *Roman*.
Since I have heard of *Cleopatra's* Death,
My Reason bears no rule upon my Tongue,
But lets my thoughts break all at Random out:
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.

Vent. By Heav'n, I will not.
Let it not be t' out-live you.

Ant. Kill me first,
And then die thou: For 'tis but just thou serve
Thy Friend, before thy self.

Vent. Give me your hand.
We soon shall meet again. Now farewell, Emperor.
Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:

[*Embrace.*]

Ant. I haue done my worke ill Friends :
Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2 The Starre is falne.

1 And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loues me, ftrike me dead.

1 Not I.

2 Nor I.

3 Nor any one.

Exeunt

Dercetus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly
This fword but fhewne to *Cæfar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony*?

Decre. There *Diomed* there.

Diom. LIVES he: wilt thou not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?

Draw thy fword, and giue mee,
Sufficing ftrokes for death.

Diom. Moft abfolute Lord:

My miftris *Cleopatra* fent me to thee.

Ant. When did fhee fend thee?

Diom. Now my Lord.

Anth. Where is fhe?

Diom. Lockt in her Monument: fhe had a Prophefying feare
Of what hath come to paffe: for when fhe faw
(Which neuer fhall be found) you did fufpect
She had dispos'd with *Cæfar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, fhe fent you word fhe was dead:
But fearing fince how it might worke, hath fent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

Dio. What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,

Since Death fweeps diftinction, Farewel Friend.

That's all. —————

I will not hake a bus'nefs of a trifle :

And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you ;

Pray turn your Face,

Ant. I do : Strike home fure.

Vent. Home as my Sword will reach.

[*Kills himfelf.*

Ant. O thou miftak'ft ;

That wound was none of thine : Give it me back :

Thou robb'ft me of my Death.

Vent. I do indeed ;

But, think 'tis the firft time I e'er deceiv'd you ;

If that may plead my Pardon. And you Gods,

Forgive me, if you will ; for I die perjur'd,

Rather than kill my Friend.

[*Dies.*

Ant. Farewel. Ever my Leader, ev'n in Death !

My Queen and thou have got the ftart of me,

And I'm the lag of Honour.——Gone fo foon ?

Is Death no more ? He us'd him carelefly,

With a familiar kindnefs : E'er he knock'd,

Ran to the Door, and took him in his Arms,

As who fhould fay, Y' are welcome at all hours,

A Friend need give no warning. Books had fpoil'd him ;

For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profeffion.

'Tis not worth

My farther thought : For Death, for ought I know,

Is but to think no more. Here's to be fatisfy'd.

[*Falls on his Sword.*

I've mifs'd my heart. O unperforming hand !

Thou never cou'dft have err'd in a worfe time.

My Fortune jades me to the laft ; and Death,

Like a great Man, takes ftate, and makes me wait

For my Admittance——

[*Trampling within.*

Some perhaps from *Cæfar* :

If he fhould find me living, and fufpect

That I plaid booty with my Life ! I'll mend

My Work, e'er they can reach me.

[*Rifes upon his Knees.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

'Tis the last seruice that I shall command you.

I Woe, woe are we fir, you may not lue to weare
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heauy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thanks for all.

Exit bearing Anthony

*Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with
Charmian & Iras.*

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible euent are welcome,
But comforts we dispise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diom. His death's vpon him, but not dead.

Looke out o'th other side your Monument,
His Guard haue brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh, Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'ft in, darkling stand
The varrying shore o'th'world. O *Anthony, Anthony, Anthony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him thither.

Ant. Peace.

Not *Cæsars* Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthony's* hath Triumpht on it selfe.

Cleo. So it should be,
That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,

Cleo. Where is my Lord? Where is he?

Char. There he lyes,
And dead *Ventidius* by him.

Cleo. My Fears were Prophets; I am come too late.
O that accurs'd *Alexas*!

[*Runs to him.*]

Ant. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew? And thou
The first kind Ghost that meets me

Cleo. Help me Seat him.
Send quickly, fend for help.

[*They place him in a Chair.*]

Ant. I am answer'd.
We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra*:
I'll make the most I can of Life, to stay
A moment more with thee.

Cleo. How is it with you?

Ant. 'Tis as with a Man
Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up,
But one dear Jewel that his haste forgot;
And he, for that returns upon the spur:
So I come back for thee.

Cleo. Too long, you Heav'ns, you have been cruel to me:
Now show your mended Faith, and give me back
His fleeting Life.

Ant. It will not be, my Love.
I keep my Soul by force.
Say but thou art not false.

Cleo. 'Tis now too late
To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.
Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my Death:
Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent
This fatal consequence. My Fleet betray'd
Both you and me.

Ant. And *Dolabella*,—

Cleo. Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.

Ant. Enough; My Life's not long enough for more.
Thou say'st thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,

But woe 'tis fo.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely:
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thousand kiffes, the poore laft
I lay vpon thy lippes.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Leaft I be taken: not th'Imperious fhew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Cæſar*, euer fhall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, fting, or operation. I am fafe:
Your Wife Octauia, with her modeft eyes,
And ftill Conclufion, fhall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me: but come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we muft draw thee vp:
Affift good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cleo. Heere's ſport indeede:
How heauy weighes my Lord?
Our ſtrength is all gone into heauineſſe,
That makes the waight. Had I great *Iuno's* power,
The ſtrong wing'd Mercury fhould fetch thee vp,
And fet thee by Ioues fide. Yet come a little,
Wiſhers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou haſt liu'd.
Quicken with kiſſing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.

All. A heauy fight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Giue me ſome Wine, and let me ſpeake a little.

Cleo. No, let me ſpeake, and let me rayle ſo hye,
That the falſe Huſwife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Prouok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (ſweet Queene)
Of *Cæſar* ſeeke your honour, with your ſafety. Oh.

Cleo. They do not go together.

That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come:

Doubt not, my Life, I'll come, and quickly too.

Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stay'st,
My last disastrous Times:

Think we have had a clear and glorious day;

And Heav'n did kindly to delay the Storm

Just 'till our close of Evening. Ten Years love,

And not a moment lost, but all improv'd

To th' utmost Joys: What Ages have we liv'd?

And now to die each other's; and, so dying,

While hand in hand we walk in Groves below,

Whole Troops of Lovers Ghosts shall flock about us,

And all the Train be ours.

Cleo. Your words are like the Notes of dying Swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours

For your Unkindness, and not one for Love?

Ant. No, not a minute.— This one kiss—more worth
Than all I leave to *Cæsar*.

[*Dies.*

Cleo. O, tell me so again;

And take ten thousand Kisses, for that Word:

My Lord, my Lord: Speak, if you yet have Being;

Sigh to me, if you cannot speak; or cast

One Look: Do any thing that shows you live.

Iras. He's gone too far, to hear you;

And this you see, a Lump of senseless Clay,

The leavings of a Soul.

Char. Remember, Madam,

He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him.

I have not lov'd a *Roman* not to know

What should become his Wife; his Wife, my *Charmion*;

For 'tis to that high Title I aspire,

And now I'll not die less. Let dull *Octavia*

Survive, to mourn him dead: My Nobler Fate

Shall knit our Spoufals with a tie too strong

Ant. Gentle heare me,
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,
None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I liued. The greatest Prince o'th'world,
The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't dye?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Sty? Oh see my women:
The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,
The Souldiers pole in falne: young Boyes and Gyrles
Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moone.

Char. Oh quietneffe, Lady.

Iras. She's dead, too, our Soueraigne,

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras. Royall Egypt: Empreffe.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras*.

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poor passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And does the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theirs,
Till they had stolne our Jewell. All's but naught:
Patience is fottish, and impatience does

For *Roman* Laws to break.

Iras. Will you then die?

Cleo. Why shou'd'st thou make that Question?

Iras. *Cæsar* is most merciful.

Cleo. Let him be so

To those that want his Mercy: My poor Lord
Made no such Cov'nant with him to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to *Cæsar's* Pride?
What, to be led in Triumph through the Streets,
A Spectacle to base *Plebeian* Eyes;
While some dejected Friend of *Anthony's*,
Close in a Corner, shakes his Head, and mutters
A secret Curse on her who ruin'd him?
I'll none of that.

Char. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow ev'n to Death

Iras. I only fear'd

For you; but more shou'd fear to live without you.

Cleo. Why, now 'tis as it shou'd be. Quick, my Friends,
Dispatch; e'er this, the Town's in *Cæsar's* hands:
My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears my stay,
Left I shou'd be surpriz'd;
Keep him not waiting for his Love too long.
You, *Charmion*, bring my Crown and richest Jewels,
With 'em, the wreath of Victory I made
(Vain Augury!) for him who now lyes dead;
You, *Iras*, bring the Cure of all our Ills.

Iras. The' Afpicks, Madam?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice?

[*Exeunt Char. and Iras.*]

'Tis sweet to die, when they wou'd force Life on me,
To rush into the dark aboad of Death,
And seize him first; if he be like my Love,
He is not frightful sure.
We're now alone, in secrecy and silence;
And is not this like Lovers? I may kiss
These pale, cold Lips; *Octavia* does not see me;
And, Oh! 'Tis better far to have him thus,

Become a Dogge's that's mad: Then is it finne,
 To rufh into the fecret houle of death,
 Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
 What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
 My Noble Gyrls? Ah Women, women! Looke
 Our Lampe is fpent, it's out. Good firs, take heart,
 Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
 Let's doo't after the high Roman fafhion,
 And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
 This cafe of that huge Spirit now is cold.
 Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
 But Refolution, and the breefeft end.

Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

*Enter Cæfar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with
 his Counfell of Warre.*

Cæfar. Go to him *Dallabella*, bid him yeeld,
 Being fo frufrate, tell him,
 He mockes the pawfes that he makes.

Dol. *Cæfar*, I fhall.

Enter Decretas with the fword of Anthony.

Cæf. Wherefore is that? And what are thou that dar't
 Appeare thus to vs?

Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Marke Anthony I feru'd, who beft was worthie
 Beft to be feru'd: whil't he ftood vp, and fpoke
 He was my Mafter, and I wore my life
 To fpend vpon his haters. If thou pleafe
 To take me to thee, as I was to him,
 Ile be to *Cæfar*: if y^u pleafeft not, I yeild thee vp my life.

Cæfar. What is't thou fay'ft?

Dec. I fay (Oh *Cæfar*) *Anthony* is dead.

Cæfar. The breaking of fo great a thing, fhould make
 A greater cracke. The round World
 Should haue fhooke Lyons into ciuill ftreets,
 And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*

Than see him in her Arms. — O welcome, welcome.

Enter Charmion, Iras.

Char. What must be done?

Cleo. Short Ceremony, Friends :

But yet it must be decent. First, this Laurel
Shall Crown my Hero's Head : He fell not basely,
Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou
Cou'dst triumph o'er thy self ; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.

Char. To what end
These Ensigns of your Pomp and Royalty?

Cleo. Dull, that thou art ! Why, 'tis to meet my Love ;
As when I saw him first, on *Cydnos* Bank,
All sparkling, like a Goddefs ; so adorn'd,
I'll find him once again : My second Spoufals
Shall match my first in Glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the Bride of *Anthony*.

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleo. Now seat me by my Lord. I claim this place ;
For I must Conquer *Cæsar* too, like him,
And win my share o'th'World. Hail, your dear Relicks
Of my Immortal Love ;
O let no Impious hand remove you hence ;
But rest for ever here : let *Ægypt* give
His Death that Peace, which it deny'd his Life.
Reach me the Casket.

Iras. Underneath the fruit the Aspick lyes.

Cleo. putting aside the leaves. Welcome, thou kind Deceiver !
Thou best of Thieves ; who, with an easie key,
Dost open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from our selves ; discharging so
Death's dreadful Office, better than himself,
Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,
That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,
And thinks himself but Sleep.

Serap. within] The Queen, where is she?
The Town is yielded, *Cæsar's* at the Gates.

Cleo. He comes too late to invade the Rights of Death.
Is not a fingle doome, in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Dec. He is dead *Cæfar*,
Not by a publike minifter of Iuftice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that felfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ftain'd
With his moft Noble blood.

Cæf. Looke you fad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wafh the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And ftrange it is,
That Nature muft compell vs to lament
Our moft perfifted deeds.

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

Dola. A Rarer fpirit neuer
Did fteere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Cæfar* is touch'd.

Mec. When fuch a fpacious Mirror's fet before him,
He needes muft fee him felfe.

Cæfar. Oh *Anthony*,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Difeafes in our Bodies. I muft perforce
Haue fhewne to thee fuch a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not ftall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all defigne; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconciliable, fhould diuide our equalneffe to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at fome meeter Season,

Haste, bare my Arm, and rouze the Serpent's fury. [*Holds out her Arm and
Coward fleth ————— draws it back.*]

Would'it thou conspire with *Cæsar*, to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,

And not be sent by him,

But bring my Self, my Soul to *Anthony*.

[*Turns aside, and then shows
her Arm bloody.*]

Take hence; the work is done.

Serap. within.] Break ope the Door,
And guard the Traitor well.

Char. The next is ours.

Iras. Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy
Of our great Queen and Mistress.

[*They apply the Aspick.*]

Cleo. Already, Death, I feel thee in my Veins;

I go with such a will to find my Lord,
That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps through every Limb,

And now 'tis at my Head: My Eye-lids fall,

And my dear Love is vanish'd in a Mist.

Were shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,

And lay me on his Breast. ———— *Cæsar*, thy worst;

Now part us, if thou canst. (*Dies.*) *Iras sinks down at her feet, and dies;*

Charmion stands behind her Chair, as dressing her Head.

Enter Serapion, two Priests, Alexas bound, Ægyptians.

2 *Priests.* Behold, *Serapion*, what havock Death has made!

Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd.

Charmion, is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen, the last
Of her great Race: I follow her.

[*Sinks down; Dies.*]

Alex. 'Tis true,

She has done well: Much better thus to die,

Than live to make a Holy-day in *Rome*.

Serap. See, see how the Lovers fit in State together,

As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.

Th'impression of a Smile left in her Face,

Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,

And went to Charm him in another World.

Cæsar's just entring; grief has now no leisure.

Secure that Villain, as our pledge of safety

The busineffe of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'l heare him what he fayer.

Enter an Ægyptian.

Whence are you?

Ægypt. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistress
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction.
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To'th'way shee's forc'd too.

Cæsar. Bid her haue good heart,
She soone shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot leaue to be vngentle

Ægypt. So the Gods preferue thee.

Cæf. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say
We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she fayer,
And how you finde of her.

Pro. *Cæsar*. I shall.

Exit Proculeius.

Cæf. *Gallus*, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to second *Proculeius*?

All. *Dolabella*.

Cæf. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's imployd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How Calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My defolation does begin to make
A better life: Tis paltry to be *Cæsar*.

To grace th'Imperial Triumph. Sleep, blest Pair,
 Secure from human Chance, long Ages out,
 While all the Storms of Fate fly o'er your Tomb;
 And Fame, to late Posterity, shall tell,
 No Lovers liv'd so great, or dy'd so well.
Oets, like Disputants, when Reasons fail,
Have one sure Refuge left, and that's to rail;
Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through the Pit;
And this is all their Equipage of Wit.
We wonder how the Dev'l this difference grows,
Betwixt our Fools in Verse, and yours in Prose?
For, 'faith, the Quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis Civil War with their own Flesh and Blood.
The Thread-bare Author hates the gaydy Coat;
And swears at the Gilt Coach, but swears afoot:
For 'tis observ'd of every Scribbling Man,
He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his Oracle, the Glafs,
If Pink or Purple best become his Face.
For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor prays:
Nor likes your Wit
Just as you like his plays:
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bays.
He does his best; and, if he cannot please,
Wou'd quietly sue out his Writ of Ease.
Yet, if he might his own Grand Jury call,
By the fair Sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's Power the Mens ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the World for Love.
Yet if some antiquated Lady say,
The last Age is not Copy'd in his Play;
Heav'n help the Man who for that Face must drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a Judge.
Let not the Young and Beautous join with those;
For shou'd you raise such numerous Hosts of Foes,
Young Wits and Sparks he to his Aid must call;
'Tis more than one Man's work to please you all.

F I N I S.

Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
 A minifter of her will: and it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts vp change;
 Which sleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
 The beggers Nurfe, and *Cæfars*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæfar* fends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
 And bids thee ftudy on what faire demands
 Thou mean'ft to haue him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me truft you, but
 I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
 That haue no vfe for trufting. If your Mafter
 Would haue a Queene his beggar, you muft tell him,
 That Maiefty to keepe *decorum*, muft.
 No leffe begge then a Kingdome: If he please
 To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
 He giues me fo much of mine owne, as I
 Will kneele to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheere:
 Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing.
 Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
 Who is fo full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
 On all that neede. Let me report to him
 Your fweet dependacie, and you fhall finde
 A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindneffe,
 Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
 I am his Fortunes Vaffall, and I fend him
 The Greatneffe he has got. I hourelly learne
 A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
 Looke him i'th'Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
 Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied

Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily she may be surpris'd:
Guard her till *Cæsar* come.

Iras. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Releu'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your selfe: Let the World see
His Nobleneffe well acted, which your death
Will neuer let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke fir,
If idle talke will once be necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know fir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoyft me vp,
And shew me to the shewting Varlotarie
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chaines.

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde cause in *Cæsar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,

What thou hast done, thy Master *Cæsar* knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro. So *Dolabella*,

It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,
To *Cæsar* I will speake, what you shall please,
If you'll imploy me to him.

Exit Proculius

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Most Noble Empreffe, you haue heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Affuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter sir, what I haue heard or know:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your tricke?

Dol. I vnderstand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor *Anthony*.
Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
But such another man.

Dol. If it might please ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein stucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
The little o'th'earth.

Dol. Most Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges beftrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Crefted the world: His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they flew'd his backe aboue
The Element they liu'd in: In his Liuary
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Iflands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Thinke you there was. or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be nor, euer were one such
It's past the fize of dreaming: Nature wants stufte
To vie strange formes with fancie, yet t' imagine
'An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie.
Condemning shadowes quite.

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:
Your losse is as your selfe, great; and you beare it
As answering to the waight, would I might neuer
Ore-take purfu'de succeffe: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that fuites
My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thanke you fir:
Know you what *Cæsar* meanes to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay pray you fir.

Dol. Though he be Honourable.

Cleo. Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will, I know't.

Flourish.

*Enter Proculeius, Cæsar, Gallus, Mecenas,
and others of his Traine.*

All. Make way there *Cæsar*.

Cæf. Which is the Queene of Egypt.

Dol. It is the Emperor Madam.

Cleo. kneeles.

Cæsar. Arise, you shall not kneele:

I pray you rise, rise Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
My Mafter and my Lord I must obey,

Cæsar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what iniuries you did vs,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th'World,
I cannot proiect mine owne cause so well
To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Haue often sham'd our Sex.

Cæsar. *Cleopatra* know,
 We will extenuate rather then inforce:
 If you apply your selfe to our intents,
 Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
 A benefit in this change: but if you seeke
 To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antonies course, you shall bereaue your selfe
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which Ile guard them from.
 If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.

Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we your Scutcheons,
 and your signes of Conquest shall
 Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

Cæsar. You shall aduise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Jewels
 I am possesse of, 'tis exactly valewed,
 Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?

Selen. Heere Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
 Vpon his perill, that I haue referu'd
 To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus*.

Selen. Madam, I had rather feele my lippes,
 Then to my perill speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you haue made known

Cæsar. Nay blufh not *Cleopatra*, I approue
 Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cleo. See *Cæsar*: Oh behold,
 How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
 And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
 The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does
 Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust
 Then loue that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, y^u shalt
 Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
 Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-leffe, Villain, Dog.
 O rarely base!

Cæsar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, what a wounding flame is this,
 That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,
 Doing the Honour of thy Lordlineffe
 To one so meeke, that mine owne Seruant should
 Parcell the fumme of my disgraces, by
 Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cæsar*)
 That I some Lady trifles haue referu'd,
 Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie
 As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say
 Some Nobler token I haue kept apart
 For *Liuiã* and *Octauia*, to induce
 Their meditation, must I be vnfolded
 With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it imites me
 Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,
 Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
 Through th'Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
 Thou would'ft haue mercy on me.

Cæsar. Forbeare *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
 For things that others do: and when we fall,
 We answer others merits, in our name
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæsar. *Cleopatra*.

Not what you haue referu'd, nor what acknowledg'd
 Put we i'th'Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,
 Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleuee
Cæsars no Merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd
 Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
 For we intend so to dispose you, as
 Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:
 Our care and pittie is so much vpon you,
 That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Cæsar. Not so: Adieu.*

Flourish.

Exeunt Cæsar, and his Trainee.

Cleo. He words me Gyrles, he words me,

That I fhould not be Noble to my felfe.

But hearke thee *Charmian*.

Iras. Finifh good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.

Cleo. Hye thee againe,
I haue fpoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the hafte.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queene?

Char. Behold fir.

Cleo. *Dolabella*.

Dol. Madam, as thereto fworne, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)

I tell you this: *Cæfar* through Syria
Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he fend before,
Make your beſt vſe of this. I haue perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.

Cleo. *Dolabella*, I fhall remaine your debter.

Dol. I your Seruant:

Adieu good Queene, I muſt attend on *Cæfar*.

Exit

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.

Now *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?

Thou, and Egyptian Puppet fhall be fhewne
In Rome as well as I: Mechanicke Slaues
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers fhall
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of groſſe dyet, fhall we be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certaine *Iras*: ſawcie Liſtors
Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and ſcald Rimers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I fhall ſee

Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatneffe
I'th'poiture of a Whore.

Irás. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay that's certaine.

Irás. Ile neuer see't? for I am fure mine Nailes
Are ftronger then mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their moft abfurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian*.

Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My beft Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus*,
To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Irás*, go
(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l difpatch indeede,)
And when thou haft done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue
To play till Doomefday: bring our Crowne, and all.

A noife within.

Wherefore's this noife?

Enter a Guardfman.

Gardf. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'de your Highneffe prefence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in.

Exit Guardfman.

What poore an inſtrument
May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
My Reſolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble conſtant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardfman, and Clowne.

Guardf. This is the man.

Cleo. Auod, and leaue him.

Exit Guardfman.

Haſt thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That killes and paines not?

Clow. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the partie that ſhould
deſire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall: thoſe that doe dye of
it, doe feldome or neuer recouer.

Cleo. Remember't thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman, but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the byting of it, what paine she felt: Truly, she makes a verie good report o'th'worme: but he that wil beleuee all that they say, shall neuer be faued by halfe that they do: but this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wishe you all ioy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You must thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clow. Looke, you, the Worme is not to bee trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is no goodnesse in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clow. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clow. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they make, the diuels marre five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes forfooth: I wish you joy o'th'worm.

Exit.

Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue Immortall longings in mee. Now no more The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyft this lip. Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare *Anthony* call I see him rowse himselfe To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock The lucke of *Cæsar*, which the Gods giue men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come: Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title. I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements

I giue to bafer life. So, haue you done?
 Come then, and take the laft warmth of my Lippes.
 Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
 Haue I the aſpicke in my lippes? Doſt fall?
 If thou, and Nature can ſo gently part,
 The ſtroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
 Which hurts, and is defir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
 If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
 It is not worth leaue-taking.

Char. Diffolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may ſay
 The Gods themſelues do weepe,

Cleo. This proues me baſe:
 If ſhe firſt meete the Curled *Anthony*.
 Hee'l make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſſe
 Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,
 With thy ſharpe teeth this knot intricate,
 Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,
 Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh could'ſt thou ſpeake,
 That I might heare thee call great *Cæſar* Affe, vnpoliced.

Char. Oh Eaſterne Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
 Doſt thou not ſee my Baby at my breafte,
 That ſuckles the Nurſe afleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As ſweet as Balme, as ſoft as Ayre, as gentle.
 O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.
 What ſhould I ſtay——

Dyes.

Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
 Now boaſt thee Death, in thy poſſeſſion lyes
 A Laſſe vnparell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
 And golden Phæbus, neuer be beheld
 Of eyes againe ſo Royall: your Crownes away,
 Ile mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard ruſtling in, and Dolabella.

I *Guard.* Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake ſoftly, wake her not.

I *Cæſar* hath ſent

Char. Too flow a Meffenger.

Oh come apace, difpatch, I partly feele thee.

1 Approach hoa,

All's not well: *Cæfar's* beguild.

2 There's *Dolabella* fent from *Cæfar*: call him.

1 What worke is heere *Charmian*?

Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeffe
Defcended of fo many Royall Kings.

Ah Souldier.

Charmian dyes.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cæfar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy felfe are comming
To fee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So fought't to hinder.

Enter Cæfar and all his Trainee, marching.

All. A way there, a way for *Cæfar*.

Dol. Oh fir, you are too fure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.

Cæfar. Braueft at the laft,
She leuell'd at our purpofes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not fee them bleede.

Dol. Who was laft with them?

1. *Guard.* A fimple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cæfar. Poyfon'd then.

1. *Guard.* Oh *Cæfar*:
This *Charmian* liu'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Miſtris trembling ſhe ſtood,
And on the fodaine dropt.

Cæfar. Oh Noble weakenſſe:
If they had ſwallow'd poyſon, 'twould appeare

By externall fwelling: but ſhe lookes like ſleepe,
As ſhe would catch another *Anthony*.
In her ſtrong toyle of Grace.

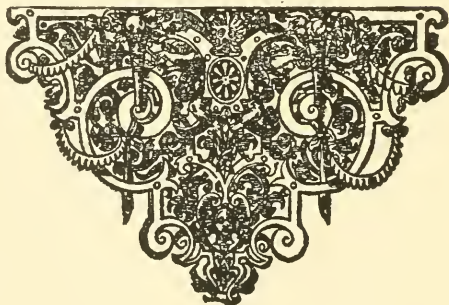
Dol. Heere on her brest,
There is a vent of Bloud, and ſomething blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

1. *Guard.* This is an Aſpicke traile,
And theſe Figge-leauves haue ſlime vpon them, ſuch
As th'Aſpicke leaues vpon the Cauces of Nyle.

Cæſar. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe dyed: for her Phyſitian tels mee
She hath purſu'de Concluſions infinite
Of eaſie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She ſhall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Graue vpon the earth ſhall clip in it
A prayre ſo famous: high euent as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their Story is
No leſſe in pittie, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army ſhall
In ſolemne ſhew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, ſee
High Orders, in this great Sollemnity.

Exuent omnes

FINIS.



FINIS.



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